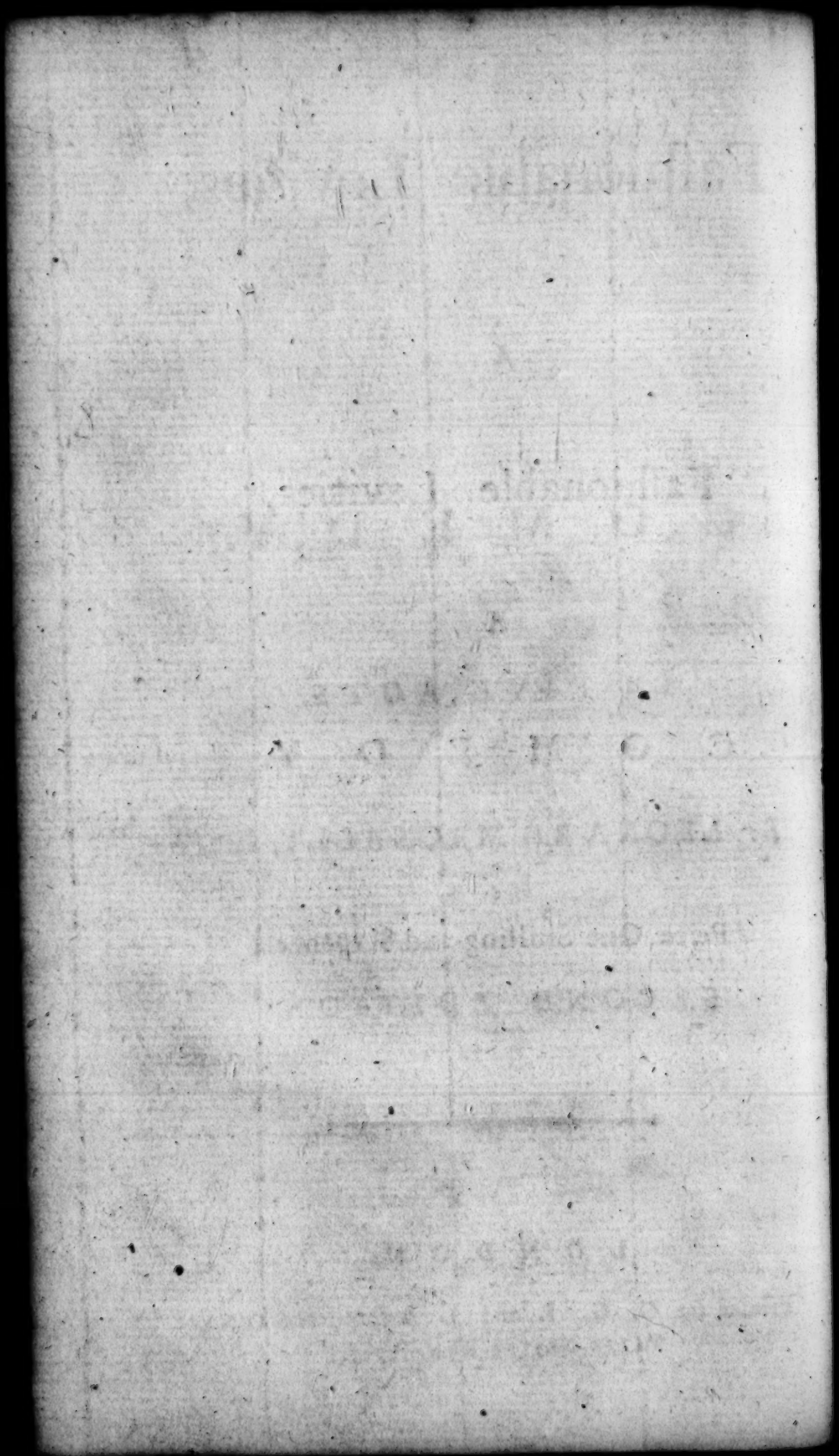


Fashionable Levities,

A

C O M E D Y.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



Fashionable Levities,

A

C O M E D Y.

IN FIVE ACTS.

By LEONARD MACNALLY, Esq.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON
PATERNOSTER-ROW. 1783.

Fashionable Levities

THE GENTLEMAN'S

COLUMBIA

IN FIVE ACTS

BY LEONARD MACHILL, Esq.

SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

Printed by G. J. and J. ROBINSON

Patent-Office-1834

T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
The Countess of SALISBURY.

M Y L A D Y,

THE Attention with which you have protected the British Stage, claims the Gratitude of every Dramatic Writer: I therefore take the Liberty of dedicating this Comedy to your Ladyship, and humbly entreat your Forgiveness for not previously soliciting your Permission.

I have the Honour to be,

M Y L A D Y,

With the greatest Respect,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

And most humble Servant,

LEONARD MAC NALLY.

Temple April 29, 1785.

On seeing Miss YOUNGE in the Character
of Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE.

THE two scenic Muses had long kept a distance,
And scorn'd of each other to borrow assistance;
THALIA was pert, and MELPOMENE proud,
And though of admirers they both had a croud;
Not two rival beauties on earth could be seen
More tortur'd with jealousy, envy and spleen:
Till Jove, to whom all the celestials submit,
In matters of WEIGHT, or in matters of WIT,
Interpos'd his command, saying, henceforth agree,
United in friendship as Sisters should be;
And grant, as a pledge that your union's sincere,
Your mutual pow'rs to some favourite fair;
If one can be found amongst mortals below
Deserving the attributes you can bestow.
The Sisters obey'd; but unfix'd was their choice,
Till MINERVA appearing with soul-moving voice:
While in scales of suspense both their fancies were hung,
Appeal'd to their senses, and pointed to YOUNGE.
To YOUNGE, where the *smile-stealing comic* we find,
With the *soft*, the *sublime*, and the *graceful* combin'd.
To YOUNGE who can each different passion impart,
Who *pleases the judgement*, but *conquers the heart*,
And guided by NATURE, is followed by ART. }

P R O L O G U E
TO FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

Written by Mr. CHALMERS.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

IN Shakespeare's days we only play'd the fool,
And men of fashion gave—not took—the rule;
Then Lords were grave, and ladies graven still,
And only *we*, and clowns had wit at will;
His mind rejected former classic lore,
And drew from Nature's never-ending store.
But authors *now*—we often prove the fact,
Must fashion court, to teach us how to act.
Expose the follies which our statutes spare,
And unprotected Virtue make their care.
All nature *now* is *custom*;—*custom*, *law*;
And here we bring—not what we think,—but *saw*.
Tis hard to vary your dramatic mirth,
When every folly gives it likeness birth.
Which though, in life, your laugh they may command,
Will rather pall, than please, at second hand.
'Tis harder still to suit the general mind,
And all our audience in our int'rest bind.
Honest John Bull, vex'd with the cares of life,
With heavy taxes and a scolding wife,
Wishes some hours in hearing us to waste,
And *galloping dreary Dun* is quite his taste.—
Sir Foppling too, his brains with claret addle,
Pronounces *Comedy* to be a *Twaddle*!
His Lordship by the privilege of folly,
Is neither musical nor melancholy;
Thinks every honest bard a *queer old Put*,—
“*Damme! there's nothing in a play like smut!*”
The politician's all-commanding pate,
Would have us dramatize th' affairs of state:
Make whigs and tories fight, here face to face,
And teach the patriots, *Unity of Place*.—
Some cry for sentiment, and some for wit,
And yet our claim to either won't admit.—
The Critic Bench!* for which there's no appeal,
Since for the town they judge, and act, and feel.
Did you but know what pangs an author shares,
How throbs his heart with anxious doubts and cares!
Let past indulgence your attention keep:
Though we be dull—*Justice* should never *sleep*.
And if to-night no merit we can claim,
The want of *power*, not *will*, deserves the blame!

* *Looking into the Pis.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WELFORD,	Mr. Lewis
SIR BUZZARD SAVAGE,	Mr. Quick
CAPT. DOUGLAS,	Mr. Wroughton
CHEATERLY,	Mr. Farren
COLONEL STAFF,	Mr. Wewitzer
NICHOLAS,	Mr. Edwin

AND

MR. ORDEAL,	Mr. Henderson
-------------	---------------

W O M E N.

WIDOW VOLATILE,	Mrs. Bates
CLARA,	Mrs. Martyr
CONSTANCE,	Mrs. T. Kennedy
MRS. MUSLIN,	Miss Platt
GRACE,	Mrs. Wilson
HONOUR,	Mrs. Webb

AND

LADY FLIPPANT SAVAGE,	Miss Younge.
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SCENE, BATH: Time, One Day.

•• Those lines which are within inverted commas, are omitted by the performers in the representation.

Fashionable Levities.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Lady Flippant Savage's Dressing-Room.*

Enter GRACE and Mrs. MUSLIN.

Mrs. Mus. **A**ND do you really prefer London to Bath, Mrs. Grace?

Grace. Why, I do; in London there's such a noise—such rattling of carts, waggons, coaches, chariots and vis-a-vis; then at night its so charming to see the flambeaux flying about from house to house, like blazing stars!—But what have you got there for my lady, Mrs. Muslin?

Mus. A few cards of laces.

Grace. Foreign, I hope—we hate every thing English, and wear nothing but foreign manufactures. (*Bell rings*) My lady's bell.—Any new company come down?

B

Mrs. Mus.

Mrs. Mus. Have heard of none, except the wife and daughter of big Mr. Minikin, the great pin-maker from Threadneedle-street. (*Bell rings.*)

Grace. Coming, my lady (*goes to a door in the back scene.*) It is only Mrs. Muslin, my lady.

Lady Flip. within. I'll be with her immediately.

Grace. Let me have a few words with you before you go—Sir Buzzard and my lady had such tisting yesterday, you never heard the like—They hate each other most affectionately, that is the truth of it—

Enter Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE through a door in the back scene.

Lady Flip. So Muslin, (*sits*) Heigh ho! I'm all langour and lassitude!—Never knew Bath so dull—Scarce any person of fashion—Nobody one knows—This patch has a pretty effect—And you may go, Grace; and do you hear, Grace, let Miss Constance know I shall be ready to go out in half an hour.

Grace. Yes, my lady. [*Exit.*]

Lady Flip. Muslin, take a chair;—this is certainly English rouge, a vulgar natural red.—Did you see my brute as you came in, Muslin?

Mrs. Mus. Saw two of them, dear pretty animals, in the hall, my lady; the little French dog was playing with the Spanish monkey.

Lady Flip. Muslin, are you mad!—my dog and monkey brutes! sweet creatures! I was enquiring after the brute my husband.

Mus.

Mrs. Mus. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I saw Sir Buzzard with Colonel Staff, and Mr. Cheaterly in the great parlour.—But I have something to mention to your ladyship—here are the laces—(*opening the box*) but it is not about the laces I want to speak—but—

Lady Flip. But what?—Heigh ho! hand me the Olympian dew—Muslin, I saw a charming fellow at the play last night, and he saw me—Lady Holden certainly pencils her eye-brows—But the charming fellow, he took up my whole attention from the performance—I flatter myself I engaged his—his eyes were never off me—was dressed in a new Parisian frock.—Hand me the volatile salts, Muslin.

Mrs. Mus. My lodger, I protest!—pick'd the pinion of a chicken at my humble table, last night, and never ceased talking of your ladyship.

Lady Flip. Hand me the rose water—he spoke of me, you say?—

Mrs. Mus. Heav'ns, said he, what an air!—what grace! then run on in praise of your ladyship's person and beauty; but when he heard your ladyship was married, poor youth, how piteously he sigh'd.

Lady Flip. Good natured charitable soul!—but his name—who is he?—what is he? whence came he?—and who are his relations, Muslin?

Mrs. Mus. Cannot answer one of your ladyship's questions, except that his name is Welford; he came to my house yesterday, and talks of leaving Bath to-morrow morning.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. Mr. Cheaterly requests permission to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady Flip. Shew him up. [*Exit. Grace.* Come to demand his winnings ;—lost two hundred last night, could think of no card but the knave of hearts I saw at the Theatre.

Mrs. Mus. The knave—the king of hearts your ladyship means ; and let me tell you a trump—never saw finer eyes ; then he has the leg of a soldier, and the hand of a lady—but is he to have the honor of——

Lady Flip. Of what ?

Mrs. Mus. He says he has something of a serious nature to communicate to your ladyship.

Lady Flip. Perhaps letters from some of my friends in Paris.

Mus. Saw a large bundle of letters on his table.

Lady Flip. Then, Muslin, I leave his introduction to you—shall be at home all the morning.

Mus. Your ladyship's most obedient—I leave the laces. (*going*) Never saw a handsomer gentleman. [*Exit.*

Lady Flip. What a giddy creature am I ? but a body must kill time—then the fellow is so elegant, (*rises*) and Sir Buzzard so peevish !——the fatigue and apprehension which body and mind suffer after an unluckly run, are insupportable ; my nerves are quite out of tune, but Muslin has in some degree elevated my spirits.

Enter

Enter CHEATERLY.

Cheat. I condole with your ladyship on your hard run last night; the aces conspired against you;—Renounce brag, the cunning of the game lies, not in—judgment of mind, but in command of muscles.

La. Flip. To which I impute your uninterrupted series of good luck.

Cheat. I am unfit for brag;—the warmth of my heart, particularly in your ladyship's presence, (*bows low.*) keeps my features in continual rebellion,—but no person with a flexible countenance should touch brag, the impenetrable looks of lady Frigid Midnight, have established her an adept at the game.

La. Flip. And her nimble fingers give her command of the cards; but she lost temper when I got the black knaves; it was when you stood on my right, and lord Lackacre on my left hand.—“I have got the black knaves,” said I, “Lady Frigid”—“I see you have,” said she, pointing to you and my lord,—then, as she puckered up her mouth in an affected smile, down fell a few flakes of paint, and her skin appeared under the fractures, like *old* brick work peeping through the *new* invented composition.

Cheat. Her countenance was once tolerable, but a long run of ill luck, has stamp'd that irrisible discordancy, of hill and dale, which marks her visage, and prevents the smiles of fortune, joy, or good humour, from unbending her to a laugh, or the smallest semblage of the amiable. (*Hums a tune.*) There is a small matter between us, for which I have a very pressing occasion.

Lady Flip. (*Aside.*) I expected this! Ha! ha! ha! I cannot but laugh at your description of Lady Frigid.

Cheat. For heav'n's sake say no more of her;—but, let me have the money. (*bows.*)

Lady Flip. The money! Psha! You must have patience.

Cheat. Patience for a debt of honour!

Lady Flip. I have bills to pay—my mercer, milliner, and mantua-maker, are to be with me to-morrow, and people of that class, you know, are rude and importunate.

Cheat. But suppose I point out a mode of discharging this debt of honour without diminishing your ladyship's purse—what say you?

Lady Flip. If you have any thing to propose I can honourably receive, speak out.

Cheat. Your ladyship is not usually slow of apprehension;—it is true, I have not made an open declaration of my passion.

Lady Flip. Sir!

Cheat. But my eyes, my looks, have spoke the workings of my soul.

Lady Flip. (*Goes from him confused*) This I never suspected. (*Aside.*)

Cheat. May I hope for your assistance towards my happiness; I have long loved, doated, and despaired.

Lady Flip. Long loved and doated! I'm not surprized at that. (*Aside.*)

Cheat. Sir Buzzard knows of, and approves my passion.

La. Flip. Sir Buzzard approves it!

Cheat. He does,—and I cannot live——

Lady

Lady Flip. Hold, Sir! (*Aside.*) I'm astonish'd.

Cheat. I cannot live without her.

Lady Flip. Without her! without whom?

Cheat. Who but Constance!—divine Constance!

Lady Flip. (*Aside.*) Though I despise the fellow!—I—I—but why should I be ruffled?

Cheat. She thought I was making love to herself. (*Aside.*)

Lady Flip. And wou'd you have me accessary to the ruin of a young creature?

Cheat. There is no ruin intended;—I have open'd my mind to the lady,—Sir Buzzard is my friend, and I only solicit your interest; I would marry Constance.

Lady Flip. No ruin intended! could a greater curse befall a young creature than to marry you!—who are you, Sir?

Cheat. Who am I, madam! a gentleman.

Lady Flip. I don't mean to asperse your birth, Sir; but is not your ruling passion play; your principal dependance cards and dice; your most intimate connections jockies, grooms, game-cocks, and race-horses? I am surprized you could look up to her.

Cheat. My fortune and family entitle me to look up to any woman.

Lady Flip. Then it must be merely to look up; you are, no doubt, one of Fortune's favourites, and her favours follow you;—you have large estates in expectancy, and considerable rents in Bath, Wells, Scarborough, Southampton and Margate; nay, more, you have as many agents as the first landed gentleman in the country.

Cheat. I don't understand this treatment.

La. Flip. Your connexions, manners and conversation

versation would be perfectly agreeable to Constance's turn of mind ;—her respect for religion, her morality, philosophy, and knowledge of the belles lettres, would exactly coincide with your studies in the arts and sciences of play.

Cheat. Arts and sciences of play—

La. Flip. I insinuate nothing injurious to your profession ; the respect which professors of play receive in preference to all other professors proves it a profession the most liberal, as well as most profitable. (*ironically.*)

Cheat. She will never forgive the insult of preferring another woman to herself ; (*Aside.*) Your tradesmen's bills, madam, are unpaid, your ladyship's mercer and milliner—and people of that class are so importunate and rude ;—I do not solicit you to take an active part in my favour, only promise not to be an enemy, and the debt of honour is cancelled.

Lady Flip. You say the debt of honour shall be cancelled. Are you aware that Constance has bestowed her favours on young De Courcy, of York.

Cheat. Yes ; and that his passion for play was cooled at the last York races, which obliged him to take a trip to France for the recovery of his finances.

Lady Flip. And his losses she imputes to a conspiracy between you and those friends of yours, who were the ostensible winners, and to whom you introduced him ;—I fear you have no chance.

Cheat. Chance !—leave me to that ;—I have often won with the odds against me ; then she is a beggar, but my passion is disinterested.

Lady Flip. And pray now, how much of the
uncle

uncle's debt of honour is to be paid by this parental kindness to the niece?—I see into the scheme,—and here comes the unfortunate sacrifice.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. I understand your ladyship desired to speak with me.

Lady Flip. To inform you, my dear, of some engagements, but particular business calls me away for a few minutes, so I leave you to entertain Mr. Cheaterly. [*Exit* Lady Flippant.

Cheat. (*Aside.*) Her modest blush puts even my impudence out of countenance!—your solicitude, madam, to avoid me, so strongly indicates apathy to my addresses, I almost dread the possibility of convincing you I am sincere;—do not turn from me in scorn; I may have some claim upon your gratitude, though no interest in your heart.

Con. Gratitude! Oh! Your absence, Sir, I must insist on; I will not, in future, be persecuted by your presumption!

Cheat. I acknowledge my weakness in pursuing the impulse of my passion; reason checks me, but such is the imperious violence of my affection, that even your scorn increases my desires, by making you lovely in the midst of anger, and the blessing I sigh for, appears still more valuable, more worthy pursuit, from the distant prospect you give me of the possession.

Con. Prospect, Sir!

Cheat. Yes, madam, prospect.

Con. You will be pleased, Sir, to withdraw—

[*walks disconcerted.*

you are insolent.

Cheat.

Cbeat. Insolent! a hard word, madam, to a man who prefers you to every other woman,—I may be bold, madam, but—

Con. I repeat it, you are insolent.

[walks from him.]

Cbeat. I am calm, madam; I know the impediment to my happiness, young lady, and have spirit to remove it.—Insolent! ha; you prefer a clandestine correspondence with a bankrupt in fame and fortune, to the generous addresses of a man, honoured with your uncle's approbation, and independent of the world.

Con. The engagements of my heart—but I will not weep—(wiping her eyes)—Sir—you have, with a base and mean cowardice, dared to traduce a generous, unsuspecting youth, whose fortune you have assisted to ruin, but whose honour you can never taint;—a youth who, if present, you would not dare to look on without trembling. (going.)

Enter Sir BUZZARD SAVAGE.

Sir Buz. What's the matter now?

Con. Enquire of that gentleman, Sir.

Sir Buz. What a life I lead! my mind kept in a continual fever, you and your aunt are a perpetual ague to me;—her hot fits of levity, and your cool fits of prudery, operate alternately, and I am tortured by you from morning till night.

Con. I must tell you, Sir, that since your house cannot afford me protection, I shall leave it; and, though destitute of fortune, I know where to apply for an asylum. [*Ex. Constance.*]

Sir Buz. “I know where to apply for an asylum!”—She cannot have a knowledge of our secret, or I would suppose she meant the Chancery;

cery ; a man must now pay as much attention to his ward, as if she was his child.

Cheat. True, and what adds to the grievance, if a young fellow marries an heiress, he is obliged to settle her fortune on herself, though, perhaps, her person was a secondary object,—I shall never succeed here, Sir Buzzard.

Sir Buz. Pish, why not succeed ; a hundred to one but all she has said is pretence,—you know nothing of women's subtilty ; they smile, they frown, they laugh, they weep, they move but to deceive us, and lay a snare in every article of their dress.

Cheat. De Courcy is the object of her choice.

Sir Buz. Why afraid of De Courcy ? his friends at York races plucked the poor devil of a pigeon so bare, they scarcely left him feathers to fly into France.

Cheat. I was present ;—may I depend on your assistance ?

Sir Buz. Is not our bargain concluded ?—on the day of your marriage with my niece, you return me my mortgages, the bill of sale upon my horses, and an acquittance of all demands.

Cheat. Depend upon it—I have pledg'd my honour ;—assist me, and I will pursue my game, though she keeps me at bay every step.

Sir Buz. Cheaterly, I must look about me ; I came down here for the recovery of my health, and am suffering under a precipitate consumption of my purse. Do you think the young clergyman plays fair ?

Cheat. You mean parson Spruce ; could you suspect a divine ?

Sir Buz. Why, yes ; I do suspect your divines

vines in their own hair, and boots, many of them I believe have thrown off morality with their wigs, and kicked away religion with their shoes.

Cheat. But Dr. Spruce has three hundred a year in the church——he won a cool fifty from me.

Sir Buz. A fifty ! I lost more to him than would purchase four years of his income.

Cheat. Do you want cash ? I can lend you a hundred ; here (*gives him a note*) with friends money should be a common commodity.

Sir Buz. Why I lost this note to Parson Spruce last night—he gave me a fifty and took it.

Cheat. Aye, Oh, I had it from him, he gave it to me for a bill on London.

Sir Buz. Here comes Colonel Staff and old Ordeal yoked together, very naturally, as two asses should be ;—I despise them both : the Colonel never served abroad, yet he prates as bold as if he had experienced half a dozen foreign campaigns.

Cheat. And is poor and proud.

Sir Buz. Yes, but hopes to mend his fortune by marrying my sister ; I wish him success, that they may mutually torment each other.

Cheat. Mark Ordeal, he is not a less extraordinary character than the Colonel, the fellow was a foundling, and never knew his parents, but having acquired a fortune by trade, impudently insults his betters, by preaching what he calls generosity.

Sir Buz. O, confound his generosity, he is always setting a bad example with his charities, relieving

relieving widows, providing for orphans, and portioning off young maidens; though ignorant as a Hottentot, he has got himself rank'd among the literati, and sets up for a philosopher—the fellow has come into life through as many shapes as an Orkney Barnacle, he was first a block, then a worm, and is now a goose.

Enter Colonel STAFF, and Mr. ORDEAL.

Col. Ha! ha! ha! I have been accusing Ordeal of avarice, and he denies the charge.

Ord. I do, avarice, though too often an attendant on age, is a vice foreign to my nature; no man can accuse me of accumulating money by unjust means, or of hoarding it when in my possession; whereas avarice is a dropsy of the mind—a disease that irritates and increases by the means used to assuage its thirst.

Col. Have you not refused to lend me a mere trifle, and being rich, is not that a proof of avarice.

Ord. Hear me;—I consider myself an agent, bound to answer for the distribution of that wealth with which heaven has bless'd my industry—the charge of avarice is more applicable to the spendthrift than the prudent, the spendthrift grasps at every man's property; yet no man is accounted avaricious who conforms to the custom of dissipation; though the spendthrift raises his rents, and starves his tenantry—borrows money and ruins his friend, or runs in debt, and makes bankrupts of his tradesmen, if he drives a carriage—keeps a train of servants, plays, drinks, and plunges into vice, the world will call him a damn'd generous fellow—I speak my mind—that's my way.

Sir

Sir Buz. Well, Colonel, how goes on your affair with my fantastical sister? She is a jilt, Colonel.—I hate a jilt.

Col. She will soon surrender, I have got possession of the counterscarp, and shall shortly set up the standard of matrimony upon the crown of the——

Sir Buz. Horn work—Eh?

Cheat. The widow has a considerable share of the *toujours gai* in her composition.

Sir Buz. Too much to promise constancy; but then you old bachelors have such winning ways—but Colonel, keep a centinel on my sister—time and possession are two dangerous pioneers, the first moulders the cement by degrees, and the other saps the foundation.

Cheat. Then the widow is so frank, dégagé and good natured, she may grant favors from charity and sensibility, which other women would refuse from principle, or the prejudice of education.

Ord. What Mr. Cheaterly has advanced, contains profound gravity of judgment; but my Clary shall have no modern education, I have engaged a master to teach her the Classics, to manure the soil by cultivating the seeds of virtue;—yes, I will have Clary cultivated, for she is innocence itself: free from the bias of example, she is guided only by the impulse of pure nature.

Cheat. A young lady could not have a more dangerous preceptor, the impulse of pure nature will produce every evil that can arise from the politest education.

Ord. I am convinc'd she is delicate as the ermine,

mine, which would die to preserve the snowy whiteness of its fur.

Col. Well said, my old friend, amorous as May, though grey as December.

Ord. Grey! Nay, let me tell you, Colonel, though snow has fallen upon the mountain, there is sunshine in the valley—Clara is an Aurora Borealis, a blaze in the regions of frigidity.

Sir Buz. Ordeal, seriously, now, are you going to marry this ward of your's for love?

Ord. Seriously, I love the girl as I love my life; but if I did not, having no relations nor friends to whom I owe any obligation, I am determined to make her my heir.

Sir Buz. And no doubt she will bring you an heir in return, and then bury you.

Ord. Bury me! — Granted: when I sleep peaceable under the green turf, let her marry some honest young fellow, and their children shall bear my name.

Cheat. A good way this to raise a family without trouble.

Ord. Family, I understand your sneer, I was a foundling it is true, and cannot boast ancestry; yet I have a heart susceptible of the tender feelings and sweet sollicitudes of humanity. Though I cannot claim relations of particular descriptions, I know Adam and Eve were our primitive parents, therefore, consider the world one common family, and hold myself bound to all mankind by ties of fraternal love.

Sir Buz. And your family kindness is not confined to your brothers, but extends to your sisters too.

Ord. Clara's father was my friend, we serv'd our apprenticeship together, set up in the same branch

branch of trade, he failed, and died poor, but I prospered—he was a worthy soul, and I never speak of him without tears. (*weeps.*)

Cheat. Ah! very good, Sir Buzzard; because the father was his juvenile friend he would marry the daughter in his old age.

Sir Buz. A pretty excuse for a vicious appetite.

Col. Hear, hear!

Ord. Clara's father, when on his death-bed, bequeathed her to me as a legacy, it was a bequest of confidence, and I esteem it more than if it had been a million: he bequeathed her to me an infant without a mother, without relations, without friends, without fortune.—Now, though rich in the liberal gifts of nature, who hath endowed her with an exuberant hand, yet being poor in worldly substance, she hath but few attractions for a husband; the knight errants of these days are Argonauts—this is the golden age and every thing is bought and fold.

Sir Buz. Spoke in the true spirit of commerce, my old merchant.

Ord. Let me tell you, Sir Knight, the spirit of commerce is the best spirit in the nation; we merchants live by barter and sale it is true, but take this with you, sir, probity is our principle, and our character nice as a lady's.

Sir Buz. Here comes my moiety of mortality—here comes the origin of two thirds of my complaints, with my widow'd sister, the Colonel's tormentor that is to be—see, they smile at some mischief in embryo—Ah, candied ginger, sugar on the outside, fire within, sweet on the palate, biting on the tongue. Ordeal keep a
strict

strict eye upon pure nature, the aloe is most bitter when green. (*going.*)

Cheat. Nay, stay, Sir Buzzard.

Sir Buz. Stay, and my wife coming! excuse me, I avoid her as I would an epidemic complaint. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE and Widow VOLATILE.

Wid. Are you here, Colonel? I follow you as the little bird does the cuckoo—Mr. Ordeal, your most obedient, how is pretty Clara, and when are we to call her Mrs. Ordeal.—You rear her quite a domestic animal, she is never seen abroad.

Lady Flip. Nor at home, sister, not even at the windows.

Cheat. He fears the sun would spoil her complexion.

Ord. She hath indeed a lovely complexion, glowing and bright as the Tyrian dye, not a modern local blush, that hides shame instead of discovering it; but ruddy health moving in varied tints—the lily and the rose vying for pre-eminence on her cheek!—O she is pure nature!

Wid. But when introduced to life those roses will blow, those lilies will fade.

Ord. She shall never get into any life, but where they may blow and fade naturally—her real face shall never be concealed under a counterfeit; some ladies coin complexions, and should be punished for high treason in defacing beauty.

Cheat. Bravo, old Ordeal! bravo!

Ord. I reprobate imposition of charms! a reverend bishop declared to me he was married

two years before he saw his wife's face, and that was by accident.

Lady Flip. I am astonished a gentleman of your age can be so scandalous, so malicious, but it is the nature of wasps to retain their buz after they have lost their sting.

Wid. Our gaiety provokes their spleen; these ancient gentlemen rail at women for speaking scandal, yet resort in groupes to every place of public entertainment, ogling with their telescope eyes to discover blemishes on beautiful objects—now here's a piece of antiquity!

(turning Ordeal round)

Ord. I have not pretended to juvenality since the crow's feet appeared near my eyes; nay, don't bite your lips, widow, lines will appear in the skin after thirty, and are the harbingers to wrinkles.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The chocolate is ready, my lady.

[Exit. Serv.]

Lady Flip. Sister, let us in—Mr. Cheaterly—

Cheat. I attend your ladyship.

Ord. Can I pay my respects to Constance, my old friend's daughter?

Lady Flip. You will probably find her in the study—poor Constance takes the humbleness of her situation too much to heart.

[Exit L. Flip. Cheat. and Wid.]

Ord. Colonel, I knew the father of Constance intimately, a stout fellow and served his country long and well—he served abroad—

Col. Hem!

Ord. Strict honour was his principle—but alas, he experienced that was not the medium

to promotion—so finding carpet foldiers like you promoted over his head, he went to India.

Col. This widow of mine, Ordeal, hath a prolific flow of wit and spirits.

Ord. Yes, and egad I thought she struck you dumb—she has a prolific tongue too, sharp as the arrow of a Bornean Indian, and tipp'd with poison; your union with her will be happy—perfectly happy—though I recollect she compared you to a cuckoo, a bird of omen; yes, a cuckoo is a very ominous bird—pray, Colonel, is the widow skilled in augury?

Col. Damn your cuckoo! but your speaking of augury reminds me of a circumstance at the siege of Prague—a flock of rooks——

Ord. I must go pay my compliments to Constance.

Col. At the siege of Prague—when the Prussian grenadiers advanced (*bolds Ordeal*)

Ord. Were you at the siege, Colonel?

Col. My regiment was there—I have served my country.

Ord. Oh, yes, you have done great service to your country—at home—by censuring those who have fought for her abroad.

[*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Chamber:*

Lady FLIPPANT and WELFORD, seated.

Lady Flip. SIR, I must say you presume too far.

Wel. I saw your ladyship and admired, and if that be presumption, who is free from it? admiration naturally produced a more tender emotion—I communicated my feelings to Mrs. Muslin;—Mrs. Muslin reported them to your ladyship, and your ladyship, with a mind, liberal as your person is elegant, permits me to throw myself at your feet.

Lady Flip. You have misconstrued the liberty I allowed—my house is always open to persons of fashion, and as a visitor only I expected you.
(*rises.*)

Wel. Nay, madam, your privy counsellor informed me I should be admitted into the interior cabinet, and your principal lady in waiting introduced me in form accordingly.

Lady

Lady Flip. And shall I call her now, sir, to shew you the way back? (*aside*) pleasant impudent fellow.

Wel. You are not so cruel—I see pardon beaming from your eye, and frolic smiling on your cheek.

Lady Flip. “And should I pardon, from that instant, the servile suppliant, now at my feet, would lose all sense of obligation, and from the mistress’s slave aspire to be her tyrant.”

Wel. “I neither desire to be slave or tyrant, but to love upon equal terms—you consent—I read it in your eyes—and I am secret as the grave.”

Lady Flip. “Secret you may be, but it is not the mere colour of reputation can protect a woman’s honor.—I might perhaps carry on an intrigue with secrecy, but my mind”——

Wel. “Upon my soul I have no design upon your ladyship’s mind, my heart is captivated; and if I did not totally misunderstand my good friend, and your ladyship’s very good friend, Mrs. Muslin, a certain person, (whom modesty will not permit me to name) is not totally indifferent in your opinion” (*bowing*)

Sir Buz. (*within.*) Grace, where is your lady?

Lady Flip. Sir Buzzard’s voice!

Grace. (*within*) My lady, Sir!

Sir Buz. Yes, your lady, ma’am!——

Grace. (*speaking very loud*) She is in her own room, sir, but I believe not yet dress’d—I’ll let her know you want her, sir.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. As I hope to be saved, here is my master, and in one of his gruff humours, quite in a tantrum—the gentleman cannot go out that way—follow me.

Lady Flip. Into the next room—make haste
(*pushing Welford.*)

Wel. I go, perhaps into the interior cabinet—This alarm I trust will convince your ladyship that in love, as in war, delays are dangerous—Go on, Mrs. Grace.

[*Exeunt Welford and Grace.*]

Enter Sir BUZZARD. (*he sits*)

Sir Buz. What an infernal life I lead!

Lady Flip. What has rais'd the storm now?

Sir Buz. Why ask!—you know I am married—and married to you—I am my own master, and hate impertinent questions—I have lost my money—I am glad of it.—Oh! I wish I had never married

Lady Flip. (*sighs*) And I, with all my heart:

Sir Buz. Yet you leaped at my offer—you were glad to snatch at me—

Lady Flip. Who I? I was seduced into the match!—have I not brought reputation to your house, sir?

Sir Buz. Reputation to my house!—you have turn'd my house topsy turvy, inside out; you have irritated me into a complication of complaints, and reduced my fortune to galloping decay—have fretted me down to a mere skeleton.

Lady Flip. Sir, some respect is due to my birth;—I am daughter to a nobleman, and
till

till honoured with my hand, your family could not boast a drop of blood in their veins.

Sir Buz. No blood in their veins! I, indeed have lost both flesh and blood; no blood in my veins!—Have I not lent your brother money—your uncle, money—your cousins money!—which of your honourable, or right honourable relations are out of my debt?—If I had no blood in my veins, how the devil have you and yours bled me so plentifully?

Lady Flip. I despise your meanness—

Sir Buz. Your family are leeches—I could never shake them off.

Lady Flip. Sir, your connexion with me was an honor, which with all your land and wealth, you had no right to expect. What was your family before your union with me?

Sir Buz. Men and women.

Lady Flip. Could they boast antiquity?

Sir Buz. Yes, my grandfather lived to ninety—my father to eighty-six.

Lady Flip. You married me——

Sir Buz. To perpetuate my family—are you satisfied?

Lady Flip. No, I am not satisfied.

Sir Buz. I know it, I know it.—I know it.

Lady Flip. “My ancestors can be traced to the Normans—the Danes—the Saxons.”

Sir Buz. “Which only proves you have sprung from pirates and invaders; but what is it to me if you were related to the Picts, the Scots, or the Romans?—I am a Savage!”

Lady Flip. “Yes, you are a savage indeed—

Sir Buz. “And the Savages let me tell you, are the oldest and purest blood in the country.”

Lady Flip. (*aside*) How shall I get rid of him—Sir Buzzard, you don't intend to stay here I hope?

Sir Buz. You hope so, do you?—I am glad of that, then here I shall have a comfortable nap. (*sits down and composes himself*)

Lady Flip. (*aside*) I'll raise the spirit of contradiction to send him off (*draws a chair and sits by him*) now that is kind, thanks for your company, and I'll read, or sing a lullaby to compose you; shall I kiss you?—come now, smile my dear. (*takes off his hat*)

Sir Buz. I hate smiling, smiling is the cunning covering of deceit, (*rising*) and kissing—am I in a habit of constitution for kissing?

Lady Flip. Am not I your wife?

Sir Buz. I feel you are—do not roll your basilisks—they have lost their fascinating powers.

Lady Flip. But you shall not go—

Sir Buz. Not go!—I am master of my own house!

Lady Flip. Then I will be mistress of my time;—I may find a companion.

Sir Buz. With all my heart—a woman who would keep her husband at home, is worse than a corn on his foot, there is no stirring at ease for her!—O that mine were cut off.

Lady Flip. You will go before me though, I shall wear weeds for my love—your face looks this instant pale as marble, and I can see “Here lieth Sir Buzzard Savage,” written on your forehead.

Sir Buz. I am ill it is true.

Lady

Lady Flip. Ill ! you have a mortal blackness under your eyes.

Sir Buz. Eh ! What !

Lady Flip. Do not stare so—it alarms me !

Sir Buz. My head swims !——I feel a palpitation here, just upon my temple.

Lady Flip. A dangerous symptom.

Sir Buz. I know it, and you are glad of it. Oh, Lord ! I shall presently be enrolled on Death's list of Bath patients, who die where they come to live for the recovery of their health. [Exit.

Lady Flip. Now to deliver my poor distressed swain from confinement. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another Apartment.*

WELFORD and GRACE *discovered.*

Wel. Nay, my nonpareil—my sweetest, dearest of all girls, you may believe every word I say.

Lady FLIPPANT appears listening at a door in the scene.

I have lov'd you——

Grace. Love me !—dear sir !—Well, whether you speak truth or no, I like to hear you say so—yet, I fear you are false-hearted, it was my lady you came to visit.

Wel. Your lady ! no, no, child, you were the object, and I got myself introduced to the lady, that I might with more ease become intimate with the maid.

Grace. Cannot believe that—my lady is much handsomer than I—What a fine complexion !

Wel. Mere rouge !

Grace.

Grace. White teeth !

Wel. For which she's obliged to the Dentist—

Grace. Charming hair !

Wel. All false.

Grace. Then, what polite conversation !

Wel. Psha, child she has not the native bloom of your cheeks, the nectarine of your lip, the pearl of your teeth, the natural curl of your tresses, nor the wit of your imagination.

Grace. (*aside*) How I likes to hear him praise me and abuse my lady !—and you really love me ?

Wel. Most devoutly—could we not retire to a more private chamber ? (*shews a purse.*)

Grace. Swear you'll not be false hearted,

Wel. By Jupiter, Venus, Cupid, and all the Gods and Goddesses, never (*shakes the purse*)

Grace. Then hear me swear (*lays her hand upon the purse*) by this purse (*takes it*) I like you.

Wel. Take it my girl—take it.

Grace. And by this ring, I'll (*lays her hand on his ring*)

Wel. My dear don't swear so often—but kiss me hussy—I have a secret to tell you.

Grace. “ A secret ! but may not that secret “ speak for itself hereafter, and discover all.”

(*Lady Flippant comes forward.*)

Dear ma'am you can't think how the gentleman has been praising your ladyship's complexion, teeth, hair, and I don't know what.

Wel. Yes, I was praising your ladyship's—I—I—I—don't know what.

Lady Flip. There's no impediment now, sir, to your retiring, and I request you will instantly withdraw.

Wel.

Wel. For the present I submit to your rigid and peremptory sentence;—it is my way never to deny or palliate my faults. When I travel in pursuit of pleasure, I always take a view of such beautiful seats as lie before me, and for the life of me, I could not help casting an eye of this little snug box, which lay so convenient to your ladyship's mansion-house. [*Ex.* Welford.]

Grace. I hope your ladyship will excuse me;—I thought I was doing no harm,—I thought your ladyship dismissed the gentleman, and your ladyship knows we chambermaids have the same claim to our lady's cast lovers, as to their cast cloaths. [*Exit* Grace.]

Lady Flip. Order chairs, and tell my sister I'll attend her to——Devil take the fellow, yet I admire him for his impudence. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Ordeal's Study.

Enter NICHOLAS and DOUGLAS, disguised in a shabby Highland Dress.

Nich. And so you were recommended by old Corderius, the schoolmaster, to teach our young lady the Latin lingo.

Doug. Yes; to instruct her in the reediments of the dead languages.

Nich. Dead languages! do you mean the languages spoken in the other world? for ecod she can chatter glibby enough in the living tongue.

Doug. I am to instruct her, man, in Greek and Latin.

Nich.

Nich. Greek and Latin ! will not that teach her strology and conjuration ?

Enter ORDEAL.

Here, Sir, is Mr. a—a—What's your name, Scotchey ?

Doug. Alexander M'Classic.

Nich. He's Mr. M'Classic, come from Mr. Corderius to learn Miss Clary the dead languages, which he has got alive at his tongue's end.

Doug. Here, Sir, are my credentials.

(Gives a letter.)

Ord. My friend Corderius gives you an excellent character, young man, for honesty, and literary abilities, and you may begin with your pupil when you please.

Nich. He has began with her already.

Ord. You are perfect master of the classics, I presume.

Doug. My father kept an academy, where I first acquired the roodiments, and after I matriculated at Aberdeen ; there I made an intimate acquaintance with the philosophers, Christian, and Heathen,—the logicians, mathematicians, astronomers, navigators, botanists, chemists, and aw the tribe of nateral philosophers.

Nich. What a number of scholars are in Aberdeen !

Ord. Be silent, fool.

Doug. As to the classics, I am maister of Homer, Xenophon, Sophocles, Seneca, Virgil, Ovid, Terence, Sallust, Livy and Horace.

Nich. Have you learned all those gentlemen ?

Ord.

Ord. Silence, you inquisitive puppy.

Doug. I teach them aw, and will make the young lady mistress of them aw.

Nich. Mistress of them all ! Ecod she'll never remember half of her servant's names ! but o' tag, rag, and bobtail ; how comes it that with all those scholars you've taught, you go so poorly ? Ecod your cloaths are all in jeopardy. He ! he ! he !

Ord. Silence. Go you, sirrah, and call miss Clara.

Nich. I go—I go—I go—I go—I go—let me see—he teaches musicians, magicians, and physicians—and he'll teach her conjuration and star-gazing—and—mum. [*Exit Nicholas.*]

Doug. You are, I presume, Sir, a scholar.

Ord. I never deny my ignorance—it is my misfortune, and a man should only be ashamed of his faults,—I do not understand a word of any language but my native tongue, except a few phrases I have picked up,—but I have read most English authors ; born in poverty I was debarred the benefit of a liberal education,—I am candid—that's my way.

Doug. This is a common case.

Ord. No doubt one half of the literati are unlettered, and like light or Birmingham guineas, pass for more than they are worth.

Doug. You intend to marry the lady yourself ?

Ord. Yes.

Doug. And you have secluded her frae company, aw that was judicious—be cautious what men you introduce to her.

Ord. Yes ; and women too,

Doug. That's right,—recreations which prudence

dence prohibits at home, and decency denies the exercise of in public, may easily be enjoyed at the preevate house of a confidential friend.

Ord. You are right, there are many obliging, convenient, liberal-hearted, female beauty brokers, who support elegance and expence by trading in a contraband commerce of the sexes.

Enter CLARA and NICHOLAS.

Well, my girl,—your tutor has given you a lesson, I understand.

Cla. Yes, Sir. (*Loud knocking*).

Ord. Who the devil is at the door?—I believe they have got a battering-ram, and are going to storm us after the manner of the Greeks and Romans. [*Exit Nich.*]

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Such silks, and rustlings!

Ord. What's the matter?

Nich. There are cork rumps—hoops and high heels in the house.

Ord. Who knocks at the door?

Nich. They are covered with paint, patches and pomatum.

Ord. Who knock'd at the door?

Nich. False hair, curls and perfumes!—don't blame me, they came upon me unawares; I push'd, and they push'd,—but they push'd harder, and overturned me.

Ord. Who overturned you?

Nich. They are full of flirtation, and giggling, and bedizened with gauze and ribbands; Lady Savage and her sister, with their long tails sweeping behind.

Ord.

Ord. Lady Savage and her sister! Lady Devil and her imp!—Where are they?

Nich. Running all over the house—up stairs and down stairs, to and fro,—in and out—backwards and forwards—round about—here and there, and every where.

Ord. I am not at home,—there is no body at home—we are all out—I'll retire to my closet; you will step with me, Mr. M'Classic, and do you, my lamb, lock yourself up to avoid 'em.

[*Exit Ordeal and Douglas.*]

Nich. He, he, he,—here is a bluster,—Ecod we shall have rare sport.

Enter LADY FLIPPANT and the WIDOW.

Lady Flip. Where, my dear, in such haste?

Cla. Indeed I cannot stay—must I not go, Nicholas?

Nich. Yes, you must go,—go—go—go
[*pushing her out.*]

Wid. Be not alarmed, miss, we are Mr. Ordeal's intimate friends.

Nich. Yes, miss, they are our intimate friends.

Lady Flip. Come to visit you, my dear.

Nich. Yes; they are come to visit us,—my dear.

Wid. Where is Sir Ordeal?

Nich. Out—out—out (*Points to the closet.*)
(*Aside*) we shall have swinging fun.

Cla. Ladies, farewell. (*going.*)

Wid. Fie, my dear,—it would be impolite to leave company.

Nich. Miss Clary,—Manners makes the man—we are teaching her the Latin lingo.

Wid. Are you very happy, my dear, on being on the verge of matrimony?

Nich.

Nich. Speak, my dear. (*Lady Flippant, and the Widow, stand on each side of Clara.*)

Cl. I cannot say I'm very happy; nor I cannot say I am displeased; I do not wish to be married, nor have I any objection to a husband——Heigho!

Lady Flip. But to confess the truth, you have no desire to marry Mr. Ordeal, he is such an old fellow; though if addressed by a handsome, wealthy, good natured youth, you'd——Heigho!

Cl. Do not speak disrespectfully of my guardian—he is very kind to me.

Lady Flip. I approve your prudence in preferring an old lover to a young one; after marriage you will no longer be confined like an infant;— then you will enjoy such pleasure in making his money fly, and in seeing him approach the grave.

Wid. But for fear he should live too long, be sure you get him a physician.

Nich. A physician! O, death!

Cl. My guardian has taught me how a married lady ought to conduct herself.

Wid. Let us hear, my dear pretty creature.

Cl. I have it by heart; he has taught me, that all young men are cunning and deceitful, and that I must never listen to or believe their flattering tongues; that a man and his wife are one person, and should act as if inspired by one soul!—that a wife should not complain of her husband to her most intimate friends, nor form any connexions without his approbation.

Nich. There's instruction for you; you see we take care of her soul.

Cl. Moreover, he has taught me, that in private a wife should receive no company without her

her husband's knowledge, and in public should not think herself protected but by his presence; that she should obey him in all things, and place her highest delight in making him happy.

Lady Flip. These were the duties of a wife in the last century,---but we will instruct you in the duties of a wife, who would cut a figure in the polite circles of the present day.---Sister, begin.

Wid. Must consider matrimony a means to increase liberty, and defy scandal.

Lady Flip. Must retain your favourite ci-cisbeo, confidante, maid servant and footman.

Nich. That will be, I.

Wid. See whom you please, where you please, and when you please.

Clá. That must be very pleasant!--go on.

Lady Flip. Must be mistress of your own hours;---turn day into night, and night into day.---

Wid. Keep a separate purse, a separate carriage, and a separate bed.

Lady Flip. Never attend to œconomy, but sink, play, and squander your money, to the last shilling, and stretch your husband's credit to the utmost.

Nich. Here is work cut out for mantua-makers and milleners.

Wid. You must always dissimulate in conversation with your husband, and when you cannot deceive you must insist---if he opposes your will, rant, and laugh at him.

Nich. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Flip. And if these fail, accuse him of cruelty, sigh, sob, weep, scream out, and fall into fits:

D

Enter

Enter ORDEAL and DOUGLAS.

Ord. I can contain no longer!---out of my house!—

Lady Flip. Shame! Shame! What, listening to the private conversation of ladies?

Ord. Private conversation! open, abominable instruction,---how can you answer to your conscience, for attempting to poison a young creature's morals!---retire, retire, my lamb.---

Clara. Farewell, ladies.

Wid. Adieu, pretty Clara.

Lady Flip. And remember our instructions.

[*Exit Clara.*

Ord. Instructions! — down-right libertine principles!---you may laugh, ladies,---you may laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Flip. } Ha, ha, ha!
Wid. }

Doug. Perhaps the ladies think their beauty sufficient excuse for their levity,---but ah, they are wrong---naething can atone for want of delicacy, without which there can be nae charms in the face, nae elegance in the person.

Enter Colonel STAFF.

Col. Ordeal, your most obedient---call'd at your ladyship's house, and Miss Constance inform'd me you were on a visit here.

Wid. We came to see Mr. Ordeal's pure nature, and he has affronted us!

Col. Affronted!---impossible!

Doug. Haud your tongue, lady, haud your tongue!---levity degrades a woman, however her name may be elevated by birth, teetle, or fortin.

Col.

Col. Who are you ?

Doug. A man.

Nich. Yes, and a scholar ecod !

Ord (to the women) Out of my house !

Lady Flip. I'll prophecy for your comfort, if you marry Clara she'll soon draw a comparison between your winter frown; and the summer smiles of a pretty fellow.

Ord. I despise your prophecy---Oracles have long since ceased; when they existed the devil spoke through them, which may be your ladyship's case.

Col. Ordeal, take care, I wear a sword.

Doug. I weer a sword.

Col. Do you daar echo my words ?

Doug. Do you daar echo my words ?

Nich. Knock out his teeth with one of your hard ones.

Col. Rascal (*raises his hand*).

Doug. Rascal ! hear first, and strike after,—you appear an officer, but I am convinced you are nae soldier ; touch but a hair o' my heed wi' your hand, and the dee'l gang away wi' my soul, gin I dinna split you through the crown.

Nich. Sir, Sir, shall I bring him the old broad sword.

Col. There was just such a fellow as this at the Havannah—

Ord. There were several such fellows at the Havannah, and such fellows only could have beaten the brave fellows who defended it,—were you there ?

Col. My regiment did service there—and if it had not been for a damn'd ague,—but no matter,—I overlook this fellow's insolence,—but Mr. Ordeal, you have been too severe on the ladies

Doug. Too severe on the ladies---I am your echo again---zounds, do you take the man for a Shrove-Tide cock, set up to receive blows without returning them?

Wid. Let's go, we are not likely to receive protection from the Colonel.

Doug. I ken, madam, what you are.

Wid. Stand off, fellow---

Col. These are ladies of honour.---

Doug. Their honour, like your courage, is in their own possession, but remember the character of both is in the opinion of others.

Wid. Do you hear the fellow?

Col. He's mad, and not worth notice.

Lady Flip. Were I Clara, I should prefer a young Indian, though sure of being his widow, and burning with him in a month, to living with you for an age.

Col. Ordeal, you shall answer this---but---

Doug. But what dare you say?

Col. Say---I say---my immediate duty is to attend the ladies.

[*Exit Colonel, Lady Flippant and Widow.*]

Ord. My brave Caledonian! (*shakes hands*) but here, here, step out and get yourself new rigged---(*gives Douglas money*).

Nich. Yes, he is out of feather and wants pluming.

Ord. But you, you firrah, if ever you let those women enter my doors again, out you go---oh, what a fierce beast, and a perilous enemy to the commonwealth, is a wicked woman.

Exeunt.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE and GRACE.

Grace. **S**HALL I introduce the Gentleman, my lady?

Lady Flip. Yes,—no,—yes, Grace.

Grace. I like the gentleman, because he likes your ladyship,—and that shews him a man of taste—I go.—(*going*)

Lady Flip. Stay, Grace,—let me consider, this interview may be attended with all the ill consequences of an illicit correspondence.—what are you musing on Grace?

Grace. I am thinking how very ugly Sir Buzzard is in comparison with your ladyship's lover.—

Lady Flip. Sir Buzzard's plainness, Grace, is not his worst fault,—it is his peevish asperity of disposition renders him odious to me,—Grace, I will not see this gentleman, it will endanger my reputation.—

Grace. Lay, my lady, but consider, my reputation, my *honour* is pledged,—he is a delightful creature.—Then consider what an airy, nice dressed gentleman he is—and consider, Sir Buzzard wears flannel under-waistcoats, and swan-skin stockings.

Lady Flip. Can I ever again face Sir Buzzard?

Grace. If I was your ladyship, I would not face my lover too suddenly,—no, I would re-

cline upon the sofa,—(*sits*) lost in thinking,—
so,—with my fan shading my face thus, and
every thing about me. degagee.—

Lady Flip. You say he waits.—

Grace. Or when the dear man approach'd,
turn short—strike him with the full flash of my
charms, and scream out. Ah!—(*screams and
starts up.*)

Lady Flip. Are you mad, girl?

Grace. A thousand pardons, my lady, but
protest I am beside myself. *Exit. Grace.*

Lady Flip. There is no retracting, and I
think I *will* take him by surprise.—I'll keep
up the appearance of resentment, and have the
satisfaction of hearing him humbly plead for
pardon—(*sits, with her back to the door*)

Enter GRACE, and WELFORD full dressed.

Grace. Now you must acknowledge I am
your friend.

Wel. My sweet girl, I do acknowledge it—

Exit. Grace.

A fine figure! (*taps lady Flippant on the shoulder,
—she starts*) Madam—

Lady Flip. Heaven defend me!

Wel. Not from an ardent lover!—

Lady Flip. (*Aside*) I cannot scold the fellow at
he looks so pleasant! — Pray, Sir, by wh
warrant do you come here?

Wel. I understand from Mrs. Muslin, by
warrant from your own lips,—but the warrant
is incompleat till your ladyship has affix'd the
privy seal to it (*offers to kiss her*).

Lady

Lady Flip. A married woman can grant nothing without the consent of her husband.

Wel. Well thought on; but I do not come unprepared, man and wife are one person, and when a married lady gives me reason to think a tete-a-tete would not be disagreeable, I always take care to bring my authority along with me.

Lady Flip. But suppose a lady should acknowledge your authority;—your inclinations, I imagine, Sir, could not easily be attach'd to a single object.

Wel. Yes they could,---though I candidly acknowledge I entertain an affection for the whole sex.

Lady Flip. Then there is an individual you prefer to the whole sex?

Wel. There is.

Lady Flip. Handsome?

Wel. Yes.

Lady Flip. Sensible?

Wel. Yes.

Lady Flip. And you really prefer her—

Wel. If I denied it I should be insincere and unworthy your attention.

Lady Flip. And pray, Sir, may I enquire, who is the favourite fair?

Wel. Nay, the less we say, or think of her, the better, she is absent—

Lady Flip. Yes, Sir,---I perceive she is absent ---(*walks about*) and you too are absent.

Wel. Yes, she is absent,---and---Sir Buzzard is absent, and we are together,---and you are a fine woman,---and I am—

Lady Flip. What, Sir?

Wel. A man,---a young man, not a very ill made man, and a very well dress'd man, with a brisk flow of spirits, a warm heart, and a soul which at this instant vibrates with sensibility.

Sir Buzzard (within). I say it is false, I left all the papers in London---

Lady Flip. I protest Sir Buzzard is at the door ---you must be concealed again---

Wel. Unfortunate! (*she pushes him in*)

Lady Flip. You cannot get out of that room till I please---(*sits*)

Enter Sir BUZZARD SAVAGE, and GRACE walking lame.

Grace. Oh, mercy, Sir, you have ruin'd me; oh, my lady, my lady, oh, oh, I shall faint with pain; just when I got to the door, there was my master, and not knowing it, I run plump against him, and he trod upon my foot,---oh,---but it is much better.

Sir Buz. (sits) A messenger is come down from London for the title deeds of Prospect Farm,---do you know where they are?

Lady Flip. What should I know about your musty parchments?

Sir Buz. Why not?---you spend the rents fast enough---but I remember now, they are in a box that lies in the wardrobe in that room, and---

Grace. La, Sir,---I will get it.

Sir Buz. You are not tall enough to reach it.

Grace. But I can stand on a chair, Sir, though I need not do that,---our new footman is in the closet settling your cloaths, Sir.---yes, Sir,---
our

our new footman, Sir, is in the closet sett'ling your honour's wardrobe, and he'll help me.

Exit Grace.

Lady Flip. (aside) What can she mean? shall I desire Grace to bring the box out to you?

Sir Buz. No, let the footman bring it out, I have not seen him yet,---Grace, bid the fellow bring in the box.

Grace (within) He's taking it down, Sir.

Sir Buz. Leave it in the closet, I must get some other papers out of the scrutore *(rises)*.

Enter GRACE and WELFORD in a Livery, with a box.

Grace. Come, young man, I'll get you my lady's cards for Wednesday's route, and they must be delivered immediately.

Lady Flip. (aside) What a metamorphosis!---you'll be expeditious.

Sir Buz. A good looking fellow;---but stand off;---he is enough to suffocate a man with perfume! What's your name, Civet Cat?

Wel. (in a strong brogue) What's my name? I was christen'd Patrick, your honour.

Sir Buz. An Irishman!---eh,---heav'n knows we had blunders enough in the family before,---*(looking on the box)*---this is the wrong box.

Exit Sir Buzzard into the closet.

Grace. Yes, we have all got into the wrong box *(aside)*.

Wel. When next we meet---*Exit.*

Grace. Nothing could be more lucky, my lady,---the new livery that came home for your last footman George, lay in the bottom of my master's wardrobe. I must see him safe out---

Exit.

Lady

Lady Flip. This is too mortifying, it hurts my pride—had I met a man of a generous disposition—but here comes my torment, and reflection flies.

Enter Sir BUZZARD with WELFORD'S Cloaths.

Sir Buz. I have found more than I sought for, Lady Flippant;—who am I to thank for this addition to my wardrobe?

Lady Flip. These cloaths!—you mean these cloaths!—he, he, he,—they are really very pretty cloaths---you like them, my dear?

Sir Buz. No, I don't like them, my dear; and who the devil did they come from, my dear? and to whom do they belong, my dear?

Lady Flip. Elegant manufacture!---nothing like it made in England.

Sir Buz. Where did they come from?

Lady Flip. Paris.

Sir Buz. Who owns them?

Lady Flip. They are your cloaths, my love!—

Sir Buz. Mine! Did you ever see me wear such frippery?

Lady Flip. Yes, yours positively; but I did not intend you should have seen them—they were smuggled.

Sir Buz. Smuggled!

Lady Flip. Yes, smuggled from Paris, by my milliner, and sent here for the purpose of ornamenting you, my sweet love!—

Sir Buz. Sweet love!—now that's fulsome—yet thou art my sweet love!

Lady Flip. Am I?---(smiling.)

Sir

Sir Buz. Yes, like an apothecary's dose,---
my bitter sweet.---

Lady Flip. How ill-natur'd!---but no matter, you shall wear these cloaths at the ball this evening.

Sir Buz. I will not.

Lady Flip. You shall.

Sir Buz. Damn me if I do.

Lady Flip. Very well, Sir, then I'll send 'em back.

Sir Buz. They shall not be sent back, I begin to like them,---a good colour, and not too gaudy.---I'll keep them.

Lady Flip. Keep them!

Sir Buz. Yes, and wear them.

Lady Flip. Wear them,---where?

Sir Buz. At the ball this evening.---

Lady Flip. I fear you will take cold.

Sir Buz. You wish I should take cold, but I will not take cold,---and I will wear the cloaths; you lay out a revenue on your back, and I will, at least for this once, follow your example.---I'll keep the cloaths, and go to the ball in them this evening.

Lady Flip. (*Aside.*) The smuggled cloaths are fairly forfeited.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. Dinner, my Lady!----(*Seeing the cloaths*) blefs me!

Lady Flip. (*Apart.*) Silence, all is well.—Sir Buzzard you see found the cloaths I ordered Mrs. Muslin to procure him from Paris.

Grace. Well, I am sure, Sir, my Lady has fitted you nicely, and I admire her taste, that I do; but will you wear them, Sir? *Sir*

Sir Buz. Yes, wear them, Sir!

Grace. Not 'till after dinner, Sir.

Sir Buz. Directly, Mrs. Prate,---I will surprise the company in them:---let dinner be kept back.

[*Exit Sir Buzzard with the cloaths.*]

Grace. It was good luck he did not find the gentleman's sword---yet little matter if he had, for intriguing with an incumbrance about him; but how shall I get him away?

Lady Flip. Poor soul! he must have patience---contrive to convey him through the garden, to a chair, he may pretend he is a servant taken ill, which will blind suspicion.

[*Exit Lady Flippant.*]

Grace. Well thought on,---my Lady's no fool, but she must be a great fool indeed, who could not make a fool of a husband.

[*Exit Grace.*]

SCENE II,---*Ordeal's House.*

Enter NICHOLAS and CLARA.

Nich. He, he, he, lack a daisy, Miss Clara---the Scotchman looks gaily in his new cloaths,---he is a brave youth,---what a leg (*looks at his leg*)---but I have got more of the calf.

Cla. Yes, a good deal more calf, Nicholas;---but what can be the reason that while he's teaching me, he sighs as piteously as if in pain,---it goes to my heart to hear him without being able to give him ease.

Nich. Why---why---ecod now, Miss Clary, when you speak to me, it makes me sigh, and gives me the heart-burn.

Cla.

Cla. What would you have me do, good Nicholas?

Nich. What would I have you do? I'll tell you---ecod I cannot---but I'll tell you what the Scotchman ought to do---he,---he ought,---

Cla. What!

Nich. Ecod, he ought to,---to---Sugar and Honey!---what red lips you have!

Cla. What ought he to do?---

Nich. What ought he to do!---why he ought to---how old are you?

Cla. Do not tantalize me, Nicholas.

Nich. Well, I will tell you, he ought to---bless my eyes, what a fine face she has!---he ought to---he ought to---what pretty buckles yours are!---he ought to,---well, shake hands, I will tell you (*takes her hand*) soft as fatten,---he ought to---ecod, I should like to do it.

Cla. Do what?

Nich. I mean no offence---but he ought to---(*kisses his hand*) that's what he ought---

Cla. Oh, shame, Nicholas,---shame.

Nich. What shame!---listen to me,---and I won't go behind the bush with you---my master is a fool, and thinks nobody knows any thing but himself---Now, when I see a young man and a young lady together,---and hear them sigh, and see them ogle---why, I sigh myself, and I---I---ecod, I know what's what.

Cla. And what is it you know, Nicholas?

Nich. That the Scotch scholar loves you, and that you like the Scotch scholar---I've been in love, and I've never think of it, but---Oh, but I can not tell you how it disturbs me---(*whistles.*)

Cla.

Cla. And I am disturbed too---heigh ho!

S O N G.

What wakes this new pain in my breast?

This sense that lay dormant before?

Lie still, busy flutt'rer, and rest,

The peace of my bosom restore.

What wakes, &c.

Why trickles in silence the tear,

This sighing---ah! what does it mean?

This mixture of hope and of fear,

Where once all was mild and serene.---

What wakes, &c.

Some pleasingly anxious alarm,

Now warms and then freezes my heart,

Some soft irresistable charm,

Alternate gives pleasure and smart.

What wakes, &c.

*Enter ORDEAL and DOUGLAS, in a neat
Scotch Dress.*

Ord. Clara, your tutor tells me, you make an astonishing progress in your Grammar, and I am to hear you speak a lesson,---bring chairs, Nicholas (*they sit*).

Doug. Ha you got your Grammar, lady?

Cla. Yes, Sir, I have been studying my last lesson (*takes a Grammar from her pocket*).

Doug. Be seated, lady, (*they sit*).

Ord. Modest creature!---how the blush mantles on her cheek!---don't be ashamed, Clary---
Mac Classic (*takes Douglas aside*) what a subject

ject for speculation---she is an orange tree, possessing at once the sprightly verdure of the spring, the sweet blossom of the summer, and the ripe fruit of autumn. It revives me to look on her.

Nich. It revives us to look on you.---

Ord. What think you of her eyes,---they shoot arrows of desire into the heart, but on her lips lies an honied salve to heal the wound.

Doug. (*agitated*) Will you hear her repeat a lesson?

Ord. See her mouth, a door of coral, opening to a colonade of pearl.

Nich. Then her bosom, your honour.

Ord. Where the devil is the fellow going? (*shakes him*).

Doug. (*aside*) My spirits are so agitated, I shall betray myself.

Ord. Come, my lamb---begin.---there is a mild creature, wax of my own fashioning, and I have moulded her into the very temper of my affections.---

Nich. She can give you Latin for every thing about you.

Ord. Restrain your tongue, firrah. Go on with your lesson, sweetest, and never mind this fellow.

Cla. (*Tenderly*) Amo, I love, (*looks at Douglas*) amas, thou lovest, (*looks at Ordeal*) amat, he loves!

Doug. (*Sighs*) Oh!

Cla. Amamus, we love. Oh! (*sighs*)

Nich. He, he, he, amo---I love!

Ord. Silence, rascal!---but, Mac Claffie, are the first lessons in Lilly's grammar upon love?

Doug.

Doug. Aw grammars begin wi it, Sir---because love is the primæval principle of nature.

Nich. He, he, he!

Ord. Out of the room, you scoundrel!

Nich. I go, zir. Amo, I love, amo, you love, amo, he loves, amo, we love,---he, he, he!

Exit Nicholas.

Doug. Shall we proceed, Sir.

Ord. If you please.

Re-enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. There are three poor people below you desired to call.

Ord. I shall return directly,---(*Nicholas following*) Where are you going? Stay here,---Clara may want something---you'll give her a new lesson now, Mr. M'Classick---I think she has got enough of amo and amas.

Exit Ordeal.

Nich. Zooks! he's jealous, zure as a gun, and left me here to watch you---but ecod, I'll be no spoil-sport---so teach away---I love, you love---he loves.

Exit Nicholas.

Cla. What are you musing on?---I like to hear your instructions when we are alone.

Doug. (*aside*) To seduce such innocence would be damnable; when you are married to Mr. Ordeal, my instructions will no longer please,---you love him?

Cla. I do indeed, as much as if he was my father,---but I never think of him when you are present.

Doug. Then you love him from gratitude?

Cla. Just so!---could I have any other motive

tive?—If there be any other kind of love, I wish you'd let me know it.

Doug. There is another kind,---give me your hand---there is a love known by its effects, it beats on the pulse, trembles on the breath, gives eyes to the thoughts, and thoughts to the eyes.

Cla. O la! then I'm sure you are in love; for your eyes speak and laugh,---why did you touch my hand?---indeed---indeed, I'm afraid I have taken it from you---I hope there's no danger in it.

Doug. Love is the child of desire, nurs'd by delight---weaned by inconstancy; consumed by neglect, kill'd by dissembling, and buried by ingratitude.

Cla. How cruel to kill it:

Doug. But then 'tis the parent of jealousy; the disuniter of friendship, and cause of disobedience; an arbitrary tyrant of the mind, that triumphs over wisdom; tramples upon prudence, and vanquishes even virtue.

Cla. O, you fright me with that description.

Doug. But where virtue is the basis of this passion, it produces the utmost happiness enjoyed on earth, and gives mortals a taste of heaven!

Cla. Now that is delightful! and to tell you the truth I have heard my guardian speak of it; but I could never feel it in his hand as I did in your's; he says---“love is fire full of cold---honey full of gall---and pleasure full of pain;”---but I see he knows nothing of the matter;---are you really in love?

Doug. Yes, my dear, deeply---deeply;---but why do you ask?

Cla. Because---

E

Doug.

Doug. Here comes Mr. Ordeal.

Cla. (Aside) I wish he was in Jericho.

Enter ORDEAL.

Ord. Very well---very well---here Nicholas !
---where's the rascal ? Clara, my dear, seek him,
and give orders for dinner, there's a good
girl. (*Kisses her hand*).

Cla. Heigho ! (*looks at Douglas*)---(*to Ordeal*)
I obey, Sir. *Exit Clara.*

Ord. An amiable, modest creature, Mr.
M'Classic---nothing ardent in her disposition,
has no more idea of love than an infant, yet a
charming fertilizing constitution, but chaste as
ice,---“ her heart like the salamander---cold,
cold, in the midst of flame.”

Doug. Virtue beams in her een, and animates
her countenance ; like the finishing touches of
the painter, it enlivens the portrait, and in-
creases the beauty of the object.

Ord. Poetically conceiv'd, and prettily pro-
nounc'd ;---yes, she shrinks from the touch like
the sensitive plant---you have a prolific imagi-
nation, Mr. M'Classic, considering you come
from a northern climate (*viewing Douglas*)---yet
Mr. M'Classic, there is no judging of a woman's
chastity, who has never been in the way of
temptation.

Doug. Very true, Sir.

Ord. And women are virtuous in proportion
to the temptations they withstand.

Doug. A just conclusion, Sir.

Ord. Then you think it would be difficult to
find a young inexperienced girl proof against
promises, sighs and tears---and who could with-
stand the cunning insinuations of a lover.

Doug.

Doug. Certainly, Sir.

Ord. Well, I think differently; I think I could trust Clara---but she's a nonpareil---yes, cool as a cucumber in a hot bed---yet not prone to vegetation---but M'Claffie, I have an experiment to make, and you must assist me.

Doug. Command me, Sir.

Ord. Clara I think is a pure lamb.

Doug. Sir, there can be no doubt; but you were speaking of an experiment, Sir.

Ord. I have fortified her mind with morals, which will prove a shield to her by day, and a breast-plate by night.---But the experiment---you must be my instrument.

Doug. In what respect, Sir?

Ord. To sound the depth of her inclinations, ---to feel how the pulse of her affection beats towards me.

Doug. Sir!

Ord. If she should not like me---but that is a point for future consideration---if she should like me I will marry her in the morning.

Doug. Marry her, Sir!

Ord. Yes, marry her, Sir.

Doug. And in the morning. O my heart! and must I lose her after all?

Ord. In the morning---I have had a special licence sometime---yes, she loves me---I know she loves me---and soon as we have dined, I will go to Sir Buzzard's, to engage him and his friends to attend the ceremony. In the mean time you must try the experiment---come-in to dinner, and I'll give you further instructions.

Exeunt Ordeal and Douglas.

End of the THIRD ACT.

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ACT IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Sir Buzzard's.*

Enter Sir BUZZARD and CHEATERLY. Sir Buzzard in Welford's Cloaths.

Cheat. CONSIDER, Sir Buzzard, we are in danger of a discoveey every instant.

Sir Buz. What can I do?---Would you have me court the girl for you? Besides, this business raises a qualm in my conscience.

Cheat. Conscience!

Sir Buz. Yes, conscience!--my conscience cannot boast such extensive latitude and longitude as your's.--you have a convenient conscience, it stretches or contracts like India rubber; your conscience is a servant of all work -- which you discharge at a moment's warning.

Enter Colonel STAFF.

Col. May the fire of a platoon never again raise my spirits, but it would be better for a man to attack a breach daily and on a forlorn hope, than to sit down before a coquet.

Cheat. "Have you ever attacked a breach, Colonel?"

Sir Buz. You hear he has attacked a widow, and upon a forlorn hope."

Col. I say, Sir, your sister is a coquet.

Sir Buz. I say she is a downright jilt. He who confides in the sex will be deceived---I despise them.

Cheat. Yet keep a girl in a corner.

Sir Buz.

Sir Buz. " But not from affection to the girl, I keep her because it pleases my humour, and vexes my wife." You know the sex but superficially ; there is my rib, when we married, she was all delicacy and good humour, and from her smooth behaviour and oily tongue, I considered her a miracle of goodness. But the wind soon veer'd about, and before the end of the honey-moon blew a rank storm.

Col. " Talking of storms."

Sir Buz. " Hear me out---Upon refusing to indulge her in some fashionable subscriptions, there was a total eclipse of the amiable, her passion swell'd like a roaring sea, producing nothing but fury, outrage and noise."

Enter ORDEAL and WIDOW.

Ord. I forgive you, madam,---I forgive you ---being determined to marry Clara in the morning.

Sir Buz. Ordeal, I understand they have been abusing you---but their best friends cant 'scape their malignity---they have tongues of charcoal, with which they are for ever blackening or burning characters.

Ord. I shall immediately set off with my bride for London, from whence we will proceed on the grand tour.

Cheat. Have not I heard you exclaim against the grand tour.

Ord. You have heard me exclaim against sending our youth abroad without a proper controul. You have heard me say, that on such expeditions they too often contaminate their native virtue and constitutions, by bartering the honest habits acquired in old England, for the

gew-gaw ornaments, and despicable effeminacie of the Continent.

Wid. Pray, Mr. Ordeal, what retinue do you travel with?

Cheat. The young Scotchman, Pure Nature's tutor, no doubt will make one.

Sir Buz. I wish he may not make two; I speak my mind, Ordeal.

Wid. What, the Colonel's friend! split you through the crown?

Col. She is at it again--madam, you should recollect.

Wid. Then I suppose you will no longer restrain her taste in dress---but allow her to throw off her present thin attire, and appear like a fashionable christian,---in feathers and a hoop.

Ord. A hoop! no---it makes a woman appear like a walking sphere, encircled from the nadir to the meridian---and if the effeminacy of the men was not so well known, one would be apt to imagine that the women were all in a state of---But I will not speak my mind now, ---though it is my way.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Coffee is served in the saloon, madam.

Cheat. Have you seen Miss Constance? (*aside to the servant*).

Serv. I believe, Sir, she is reading in the garden. *Exit Servant.*

Ord. Sir Buzzard, I admire your dress,---you look as fine---as---as the King of Prussia in wax-work.

[*Exit Ordeal.*

Col. (*To the widow*) shall I have the honor of your hand, Madam?

Wid.

Wid. No, Sir, I shall never give my hand to a man who has lost my good opinion.

[*Exit Widow.*]

Col. (*To Sir Buzzard*)---Do you hear that?

Cheat. After her.

Sir Buz. After her purse you mean.

Col. Capricious woman! (*running turns round*)
---I once knew a Major---

Sir Buz. Know the Widow, man.---

Col. A Major in the forty-second.

Cheat. Away with you. (*they push him out*).

[*Exit Colonel.*]

Cheat. You will excuse me to the ladies---
Constance you hear is in the garden, I will seek her, and for the last time plead my passion, but if she perseveres in rejecting my addresses, I have your consent to carry her by stratagem.

[*Exit Cheaterly.*]

Sir Buz. Carry her off any way and I will be satisfied.---

[*Exit Sir Buzzard.*]

SCENE II.---A Grotto:

Constance discover'd sitting, sleeping, with a handkerchief over her face---a book near her.

Enter CHEATERLY,

Cheat. Asleep!--to disturb her would offend delicacy---and I must soothe her,---I will sit here till she wakes, here comes one of the servants. (*Retires*).

Enter WELFORD. (*His sword under his arm,*)

Wel. How my landlady will laugh to see me thus caparison'd,---a woman sleeping, by the God of Love!--what a fortunate fellow am I!

---no sooner does one adventure vanish than another presents itself to my view---how gently she breathes,---the gale is reviving,---(*she sighs*) a sigh of sensibility,---poor soul!---it were pity she should sigh in vain. Yes, I will see her face, (*takes off the handkerchief*) O, Heaven's!---it is Constance---my life!---my heaven!---(*embraces her*).

Con. Help!---oh, help!---

Enter CHEATERLY.

Cheat. Unhand the lady, villain!

Con. O, heavens, it is De Courcy!---

Wel. Ha! is it you? I have met my blessing and my curse.

Cheat. De Courcy!---

Wel. I have been your dupe, Sir, and I know it.---Am well inform'd of those combinations by which you defrauded me,---and am determin'd, Sir, to give the law it's course.

Cheat. I scorn to retort your assertions,---you have been a dupe to your own folly. Pride, and high founding language but ill suit with the meanness of your appearance, assumed for the purpose of some low intrigue,---metamorphose into a gentleman, and I'll enforce satisfaction for this insolence. [*Exit Cheaterly.*]

Con. O, I shall faint.

Well. My dear love,---pardon the momentary neglect into which passion led me.---I have been but one day in England---tomorrow I should have gone for York,---my soul was all impatience to see you.---

Con. What, in a livery!

Wel. A livery---yes,---it is a disguise I own, worn for a purpose I'll not attempt to palliate

or

or justify---but your appearance like a heavenly vision inspires me with virtuous thoughts.

Con. I do not urge an explanation which must increase your confusion.

Wel. I will explain all another time.---Here comes some of the family.

Enter Sir BUZZARD and ORDEAL.

Sir Buz. These alarms will ruin my constitution,---it was fortunate I took bark this morning, or my whole nervous system would be shaken to pieces.---Where is this gentleman?---Cheaterly tells me a stranger has been rude to you, have you turn'd him out, Patrick?

Con. (*To Ordeal*) Sir, I shall send a letter to your house immediately, to which I implore your attention---I am wretched, you were my father's friend.

Ord. Madam, if I was not, I am a man, and every thing that affects my fellow-creatures concerns me. [*Exit Constance.*

Sir Buz. Patrick,---do you hear?---no answer,---I shall never recover my health,---don't irritate me, rascal.---

Wel. Rascal!---to whom do you address yourself?

Sir Buz. To you, scoundrel.---

Wel. Why, you despicable,---that epithet again, and this sword.---

Sir Buz. This is no Irishman!---what the devil is become of your brogue?---who are you?

Wel. A gentleman!---

Ord. A gentleman! ha, ha, ha, this is good!
-a gentleman in a livery!---but which are you?
a gen-

a gentleman in waiting, or a gentleman of the road?

Sir Buz. Ah, ah! I now see how I came by the new suit, smuggled from Paris.

Ord. The servant is mad, and Sir Buzzard has caught the contagion.

Sir Buz. I have it here. (*Striking his head.*)

Ord. What have you there?

Wel. Nothing that I know of, upon my honor.

Ord. Nothing in your master's head! How dare you joke with your betters, young man?

Sir Buz. I shall be the laughing-stock of fools and jest of the malignant.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. Oh, dear, dear, sure there is no harm done! It is all my fault,---Miss Constance is ready to break her heart;---you must know, Sir, I was the only person in the house who knew this gentleman, he is her lover, and he wheedled me, and wheedled me, till I consented to bring him into the house, and so I shut him into my lady's closet.

Wel. The girl tells the truth.

Ord. He is a gentleman, and you shut him up in your lady's closet. (*To Sir Buzzard.*) Now, I see what you conceive in your head.

Grace. And so, Sir, my lady coming in, the gentlemen was oblig'd to lie close.

Sir Buz. And he wheedled you, and wheedled you,---“ And he lay close;---Eh”---and he never saw your lady?

Grace. Never saw her, as I hope to be sayed!

Wel. You hear the girl swear.

Ord.

Ord. O, it's plain there was nothing between them.

Grace. " Nothing between them indeed, Sir, that is the naked truth." [Exit Grace.

Sir Buz. Then give me leave, Sir, to enquire who you are ? and what are your pretensions to visit my niece ?

Wel. As to my pretensions, Sir, nothing can be better founded,---I love the lady,---but what is still more material, the lady has long since confess'd that she loves me.

Ord. Candid and open.

Sir Buz. And your name is De Courcy ?

Wel. To that name I was born, but an old good natured uncle taking it into his head to visit elizium---in obedience to his will, and in gratitude for sixteen hundred pounds a year, I now bear the name and arms of Welford.

Ord. You seem an honest fellow, worthy the love of Constance.

Sir Buz. What is his honesty to me ? I am to inform you, Sir, the father of Constance is dead ; I am her natural guardian, and you shall never have my consent to marry her.

Wel. May I never obtain her consent, if ever I ask yours.

Sir Buz. She has not a shilling fortune.

Wel. I am glad of it, I have sufficient fortune for both, --I will settle a fortune on her.

Ord. A fellow of noble generosity !---

Sir Buz. There is a gentleman, I am determined she shall marry.

Wel. Mark me,---let that gentleman be whom he may, if he presumes to speak to her, write to her,---or even thinks of her as a wife, I shall make

make him such an example---but this is losing time,---farewell, I must wait on Constance.

(going.)

Sir Buz. (*Opposing him.*) You shall not go an inch into my house,---that is your way out.

Wel. I will go into any man's house, Sir, where she is,---debar me access to my love!---Were you the Grand Signor, and detain'd her, I would force into the inmost recesses of your seraglio, put you to death in the midst of your Janissaries, and carry her off in triumph.

Ord. I do not often swear, it is not my way, but damn me if I would not assist you.

Sir Buz. Nay, then we must try your courage, (*lays his hand upon his sword*)---O, for an estrigent to brace my nerves.

Wel. Excuse me from running you through the body while you wear my cloaths; that coat is in excellent taste, and I cannot think of running it through the body.---

Ord. A soldier, and a wit!

Sir Buz. Take it, take it; (*throws off Wel-ford's coat*)---now let me see if you get into my house. (*draws.*)

Ord. What, going to fight a duel!---Oh, for shame!---duelling is a mode of satisfaction unworthy gentlemen, practis'd now by every vulgar fellow;---people of fashion should explode it.

Sir Buz. (*Trembling.*) You know I pay great respect to your opinion,---and if,---but he shall not go into my house.

Ord. Consider what an improper place for quarreling.

Well. You are right, Sir, this is too cold a situation for stripping;---(*takes up the cloaths*
and

and hands them to Ordeal.) now for Constance, love, and happiness. [*Exit Welford, running.*]

Ord. Bravo, my boy!---bravo!

Sir Buz. Sure some malign devil has determin'd to make me ridiculous!---let me after him. (*Ordeal holds him.*)

Enter Lady FLIPPANT, MUSLIN, and GRACE.

Lady Flip. Are you mad, Sir Buzzard?

Sir Buz. Stark mad!

Ord. Nearly stark naked mad.

Sir Buz. The cloaths,---the smuggled cloaths you provided for me.

Lady Flip. } Ha, ha, ha!

Ord.

Sir Buz. Away! you old---get home;---perhaps your Scotch tutor may prepare Pure Nature for the grand tour, and provide you more company than you expect.---Why did I marry?---why plunge into a mortal disease, for which there is no remedy but poison,---no relief but death?

[*Exit Sir Buzzard.*]

Ord. Can I see Constance?

Lady Flip. She is lock'd up in her own apartment to avoid her lover.

Ord. To avoid him!---He is a noble fellow, and she must have him;---I will in to Sir Buzzard, and argue this case:---He presumes to controul this young lady, his niece, by parental authority; but I will convince him, the principle of that authority is to make our children or wards happy,---not miserable.

[*Exit Ordeal.*]

Mus. Sir Buzzard is in a horrid rage.

Lady Flip. I must contrive to appease him. Constance I suppose has her suspicions;---an amiable

amicable girl---I really love her, pity her situation, and am determined never to see Welford again, but for the purpose of facilitating a marriage between them.---I must also effectuate a breach between my sister and this pusillanimous colonel.

Mus. That may be easily accomplished---the widow has no small share of vanity.

Lady Flip. True!--

Mus. We must persuade her she was the object of Mr. Welford's admiration.

Grace. I will swear he brib'd me to introduce him to her.

Mus. And I will contrive to get her and the gentleman together at my house, and your ladyship shall send the Colonel to surprize them, which will produce an irreconcilable quarrel.

Lady Flip. Here comes the widow---do you lay the train.

Enter the widow VOLATILE.

Wid. De Courcy is gone, after a very loud altercation with Cheaterly, which terminated in mutual vows of vengeance; he charges Cheaterly with having imposed on him at play.

Lady Flip. There is nothing scandalous in that---play has become a science, fashionable in practice, and like other *faux pas*, 'tis only blameable in discovery. Pray how has Constance behaved?

Wid. Remains locked up in her own room, and perseveres in denying an interview to her lover:---this De Courcy is in my opinion a charming fellow.

Lady Flip. But I must know for what purpose he was brought into my closet.---I am certain Constance was not the object; so speak, Grace.

Grace.

Grace. Well, my lady, the truth is, the gentleman came after the widow.

Lady Flip. I thought so,---this duplicity, sister, hurts me.

Grace. Dear, my lady, it is all my fault,---the gentleman saw Mrs. Volatile at the play with your ladyship, and sent for me in the morning---and,---but am I sure of pardon if I tell?

Lady Flip. Yes, if you tell nothing but the truth.

Grace. Well, my lady, the poor young gentleman to be sure swore bitterly he was smitten;---by all the Gods, says he, she is one of the most beautifulest,---most youngest, and most elegantest creatures my eyes ever beheld!---but I, telling him as how she was positively engaged to colonel Staff,---then he began to curse.---

Wid. Why presume to tell him so?---Who gave you knowledge of my engagements?

Lady Flip. Hear the girl, sister; (*aside*) she's caught.

Grace. Do'nt be angry, madam,---I told him, madam--thinking no harm, and so he curs'd, and call'd on Heaven, and poor gentleman sigh'd so, that I took pity on him, and by his persuasions and promises brought him into the closet, where he was to have been concealed,---Yes, ma'am---'till I could have contriv'd to have brought you into the room, which I should have done, but that my lady first came, and then Sir Buzzard, who made up the noise that disturb'd the house.

Lady Flip. You are an impudent girl, go wait in my dressing-room 'till my coming.

Grace. Yes, my lady,---but oh, sure, you do'nt intend to discharge me,---what could I do
when

when so pretty a gentleman knelt to me, and cried to me for assistance---and squeez'd my hand, and forc'd a purse into my bosom---Oh! oh! (*crying, apart to the widow*)---you will speak to my lady.

Wid. I will, Grace! (*apart*) there (*gives money*)--- let me see you presently.

Exit Grace, laughing.

A pretty scheme this!--your maid, Lady Flippant, has used me well---did I ever make any positive engagements with the Colonel?

La. Flip. I hope not, but really you take such pains to torment each other, I was apprehensive you were privately married.

Wid. Heav'n forbid!--I have been prudently considering the Colonel's situation some time past---his estate I understand has been long languishing in a decline, and his creditors no doubt are in expectation of mine.

La. Flip. Then to bestow it on Welford---think of the pleasure of sweet five and twenty smiling upon you from morning 'till night.

Mus. And from night to morning---think of that, madam.

La. Flip. Then our triumph over a girl of such beauty as Constance---the buz of the polite world, and their impertinent ill-nature.

Wid. Certainly there are inducements.

La. Flip. Inducements! you will have the exquisite satisfaction of being lampoon'd, epigramm'd, and paragraph'd---or perhaps be etch'd in aqua fortis, and stuck up in the print shops. Then to have the tribe of antiquated maidens, disgusted wives, and disappointed widows railing at your prudence, yet envying your
your

your situation---“ Lord bless us!”---ejaculates Lady Toothless, “ I wonder at her indiscretion; to marry a man so young. The Colonel would have been much more suitable.”---Then she takes five years from your lover’s age, and adds to your’s---“ That’s he!---that’s he!”---exclaims Miss Squintum, as she ogles from a side box, with one eye worn out in searching for defects in beauty, and the other on the decline---“ That’s he,---but I cannot perceive what she saw in the fellow; he is as plain as herself---and I wonder how women can follow fellows.”---The blooming youth hands you to your seat--the whole circle stare at you--a general whisper’s breath’d round--you gaze in return with perfect composure---salute your acquaintance---adjust your tucker, giggle behind your fan, assume a perfect indifference, whisper your handsome husband to mortify them; and laugh out to shew your inward satisfaction and ineffable contempt.

Wid. But how is all this to be brought about?

Mus. Call at my house within an hour, and if I do not settle it, discard me from your confidence. ---

Lady Flip. She shall be punctual---come, sister, I see you were unacquainted with your lover’s passion,---but you must acknowledge I had sufficient cause for suspicion.

Wid. Yet you must allow there was no deceit on my part. [Exit Widow.

Mus. You have play’d your part admirably.

Lady Flip. Yes, Muslin; all good actresses are not upon the stage.

[Exeunt Lady Flippant and Muslin.

SCENE III. *Ordeal's House.*

Enter DOUGLAS, CLARA, and NICHOLAS.

Nich. You are no longer a Scotchman I zee—

Doug. Yes, Nicholas, I have only laid aside the tone and accent, but am still a Scotchman; I have no reason to be ashamed of my country, and I trust my country will never have reason to be ashamed of me.

Nich. Why zee master, I could never zee any difference between your English and Scotch; though to be zure I could hear it in their speaking, and that is the only difference I think should ever be between them; but take a fool's advice now,---make the best use of your time.

Exit Nicholas.

Doug. What employs your thoughts, my love?

Cla. In truth, love itself; if the pleasing description you have given me be true, and I have no reason to doubt your veracity, to live with those we love must be the extent of human happiness;---but then, Mr. Ordeal has told me that your sex often requite the most sincere passion with cold indifference.

Doug. The charge is too true; but my affection can only cease with life.

Cla. I owe every thing to Mr. Ordeal's goodness, and the very arguments you urged to gain my love, persuade me against being ungrateful!--obedience is the only return I can make his kindness, and how can I disobey him, when my heart informs me that ingratitude is

one

one of those heinous sins at which Heaven is most offended?

Doug. It is true, no quality of the soul is more lovely than gratitude;---but Mr. Ordeal is not actuated by passion,---he offers you his hand from motives of generosity, not love,---all you owe him is friendship, which an union with me could not diminish.

Cla. You can persuade me to any thing;---you swear you love me,---I believe you,---and if the pleasure I take in seeing you, and hearing you, and the pain I feel when you leave me, be love, I love you above all things.

Re-enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Have you settled every thing?

Doug. Good Nicholas, do not interrupt her.

Nich. Who, I, a spoil-sport! mum!---

[Exit Nicholas.]

Cla. Would not my consenting to marry you be injustice to my benefactor?

Doug. The value I set upon your love is such, I would not accept it, but as the voluntary gift of your soul!--I will obtain Mr. Ordeal's consent.

Cla. Then I am for ever yours. *(He kisses her hand.)*

Enter ORDEAL and NICHOLAS.

Ord. (aside)---What do I see!

Cla. But when will you obtain his consent?

Ord. Never.

Cla. O, we are undone.

Ord. (to Douglas) Is this the way you repay my confidence? and you, *(to Clara)* innocent

miss, is this a grateful return for years of kindness?---But (*to Nicholas*) what shall I say to you, rascal!---you, whom I thought watchful as a lynx, have slumber'd like another Argus---were your eyes piped into a nap by this Mercury, or was your mouth stopped by a sop, Mr. Cerberus?

Nich. Yes, I loves a sop;---but I will be called no names---zee master,---our bargain is this, a month's warning, or a month's wages; zo, pay me, and I'll go, but remember it was not I brought maister M'Classic into the house.

[*Exit NICH.*

Doug. Your resentment, Sir, must fall solely upon me---I only have deceiv'd you,---a word in private,---(*takes Ordeal aside*) could human nature repel the influence of such beauty?---(*points to Clara*) had I been less honourable, or Clara less virtuous, I might now perhaps be imposing upon your credulity a seduced maid, with a vitiated mind: I am young,---Clara is pure nature,---the experiment I have made was dangerous.---

Ord. But you were only to have made the experiment to try how far her inclinations coincided with mine.

Doug. Consider, she was an orange tree.---

Ord. You were to have been the instrument for promoting my happiness.

Doug. She possess'd the verdure of the spring---

Ord. Hear me!

Doug. The blossom of the summer---

Ord. Hear me!

Doug. The ripe fruit of autumn.

Ord. And you would consider me the falling leaf in winter---hear me, Sir!---(*loud*) Have you

you not been urging the temptations of pleasure to seduce her into your own designs?---have you not alienated her affections from me?

Doug. Sir, I came into your house for the very purpose of gaining her love.

Ord. Who are you, Sir?

Doug. A soldier---my name Douglas,---my fortune a competency,--my country Scotland---the same person who assisted you when attack'd by ruffians on Marlborough Downs.

Cla. The kind gentleman in whose arms I fainted!

Doug. From the first instant I saw her, my soul caught the inspiration of virtuous love.

Ord. You are unfashionable, Sir,---from the dissipated conversation of the young fellows of the times, one would imagine there was neither honesty in man, nor chastity in woman;---but your conduct contradicts their aspersions.

Doug. It is too true, the arts of seduction are so sedulously studied, that honest love appears in danger of being extirpated.

Ord. There are many, many melancholy examples;---but be assured, young man, though sensual pleasures arise from seducing innocence, it is plucking blossoms from a sweet-briar, which will rankle in the flesh.

Doug. Your observation, Sir, is just,---though it does not apply to me.---

Ord. "My censure does not fall solely on youth,---no, the gardens of beauty and innocence are also despoil'd by old debilitated wretches, who cannot cultivate the soil, but lay waste its beauties."

Cla. Do you forgive me, Sir?

Ord. I blame you not, I am your debtor for many instances of duty and affection;---look on her, Douglas;---yet her beauty is the least of her excellence,---but as it is a principal part of benevolence to assist another most when there is most need of assistance,---and that you need not owe too much to the generosity of your husband,---as you cannot be my wife, I adopt you for my child---love inspires its votaries with sentiment, and I acknowledge the benign influence. (*Joins their hands.*)

Doug. You weep, my lovely Clara!

Ord. And so do you,---and so do I,---I see you are all joy,---but, my children, the transports of a virtuous passion are the least parts of its happiness,---we will this instant to Sir Buzzard Savage's,---a young lady, his niece, calls for my protection.

Doug. You mean Constance Heartfree! young De Courcy, of York, my particular friend, is, I believe, betrothed to her.---

Ord. You are right;---take your bride by the hand;---the women will laugh at me for losing her, but I am above the laugh of the world, and I will laugh at the world in my turn,--that is my way.---

Exeunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT.

A C T. V.

SCENE I. *Lady Flippant's Dressing Room.*

Enter LADY FLIPPANT:

Lady Flip. **T**HE storm bends this way, and here will I meet it. (*Sits down, and takes a book.*)

Enter Sir BUZZARD and GRACE.

Sir Buz. (*Pushing Grace before him*) you shall instantly march out of my house. (*Pushes her.*)

Grace. My lady scorns your suspicions.

Sir Buz. Stop your gabble, you diminutive pandar in petticoats!--It is clear that Constance was ignorant of Welford's arrival in England!--it is apparent he did not come to my house after her.--What, is your noble blood at a loss for an excuse?

Lady Flip. Who has instilled jealousy into that head of yours, barren of every thing but what is monstrous! (*Reads.*)

Sir Buz. It is your Ladyship has made my head monstrous.

Enter Colonel STAFF.

Col. Sure the devil instigates some women!--the widow—

Sir Buz. Do not throw the blame on the poor devil---it is nature instigates them, and she is to the full as subtle and certain in her operations.

Col. I just now spoke to her as she stepped out of a chair into Mrs. Muslin's, and in return was

shot through the heart with a look of ill-nature and contempt—if I was not the coolest fellow in the service, I'd run mad,---aye,--mad, mad---

Lady Flip. You would have cause to run mad, if you knew she is now at Mrs. Muslin's, enjoying a tete-a-tete with Welford.

Col. Impossible!

Grace. I am ready to take my oath of it! (to *Sir Buzzard*) the truth is, I told a great lie to your honour.

Sir Buz. O, confound me, but I believe you now. [Exit *Grace*.

Col. The widow gone to Welford, on an assignation--ha! ha! ha! I will after her this instant, and cut his throat!--No, I will not stir--I am pleas'd---perfectly pleas'd!--I will discharge such a volley about his ears;---gone to visit Welford!--but why should I be vex'd?--I will follow her, spring a mine, and blow them up together---Burst on her like a hand-granade.

Lady Flip. Ridiculous---you are all gun-powder.

Col. Ungrateful woman!

Sir Buz. Deceitful sex!

Lady Flip. Surprize her and her lover!

Col. I will break with her—I mean I will pursue her. [Exit.

Lady Flip. Well, you see it was your sister, not your wife, Welford came to visit; are you ready to make an apology for your vulgar suspicions?

Sir Buz. An apology to you! O, impudence! have you not been the rust of my health, have you not fretted me down to a mere skeleton?
make

make you an apology !---give me my wasted flesh.

Lady Flip. I shall for London in the morning.

Sir Buz. If you dare !

Lady Flip. Will shew out at every place of public entertainment.

Sir Buz. At your peril.

Lady Flip. At your cost.

Sir Buz. The law gives me authority to confine you, and I will exercise it---I am your husband.

Lady Flip. I am heartily sorry for it!--will have public breakfasts, public dinners, and public nights.

Sir Buz. You shall have bread and water, in a narrow room.

Lady Flip. A box at the Opera, and subscribe to all the Concerts.

Sir Buz. You devil !

Lady Flip. Will purchase a new vis-a-vis--- a town chariot and phaeton.

Sir Buz. You---you have a design upon my life.

Lady Flip. Heav'ns ! how ardently I pant to be elevated in the phaeton, to take the circuit of Hyde Park, rolling in a cloud of dust, four horses, two outriders, whip in hand, flowing manes, hunters tails, sweep down Piccadilly, turn into St. James's-street,---up fly the club-house windows, out pop the powderedheads of the bucks and beaux of fashion--some nod, some smile, some kiss hands,---all praise---she is a goddess, exclaims one,---a venus, ejaculates another,---an angel, sighs a third. I cut on, flash down

down Pall Mall swift as lightning, rattle furiously through Charing-Cross, overturn Lady Dapper's whim and cats at Northumberland House, lose a wheel in the Strand, leap from my seat as the carriage falls, and am received in the arms of some handsome fellow whom love has directed to my assistance.

Sir Buz. She is mad ! she is mad ! outrageous mad !

Lady Flip. He carries me into a house, fainting——

Sir Buz. Stop there ; I will be divorc'd.

Lady Flip. Then I will have a separate maintenance.

Sir Buz. Not a shilling.

Lady Flip. You cannot deprive me of my settlement.

Sir Buz. Ay, there is the grievance ! O, confound all jointures and settlements, those encourage your levities, and stimulate you all to transgress. [Exit Sir Buzzard.

Lady Flip. (Sits.) My poor spirits are exhausted ! Heigh ho ! I am tired of this dissipated life.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. I wait upon your ladyship, to return grateful thanks for the many favours you have conferred upon me, and to take my leave, as I am determined to quit this house.

Lady Flip. What ! without your uncle's consent ?

Con. I cannot think his consent necessary, while he and your ladyship assent to the persecution I experienced from a man I despise.

Lady

Lady Flip. (*Rising*) And pray where do you intend to go?

Con. I have found a protector---Mr. Ordeal, the friend of my unfortunate father. Lady Flip-pant, it hurts my heart to part you upon those terms. (*Weeps and walks as going.*)

Lady Flip. In tears, Constance! (*Constance returns*) Why so distress'd?

Con. My heart is too full.

Lady Flip. Be seated; (*they sit*) you love this Mr. Welford sincerely---but he is! (*aside*) what is it to me what he is! (*Rises*)

Con. To me he is every thing---and it is my hope!---(*rises*)---but why should I hope?---

Lady Flip. Constance-- I really love you---our manners have divided us; but be assured, my dear girl, though I run the circle of fashionable life, my mind is not devoid of sensibility---our education has been different.

Con. It was my happiness to receive instruction from a pious and tender mother, who early taught me the precepts of virtue, and impressed upon my heart, that a pure reputation with humble poverty, was preferable to a suspicious character, though blazoned with all the pomp and ornaments of elevated life---but she is no more.

Lady Flip. (*Rises*) Alas, Constance! it was my misfortune to be educated in all the giddy foibles and levities of the times.

Con. (*Rises*) But I have observed a disposition in your ladyship susceptible of the tenderest offices of friendship,---and where there is feeling---

Lady Flip. There is hope of reformation---you would have said so---indeed, Constance, there

there are sentiments here, which often upbraid me; but sure nothing has transpir'd, injurious to my honour.

Con. The world is censorious, madam, and those whose conversation is the most entertaining are often the most dangerous; to simplicity they impute cunning, and give a criminal construction to the most innocent actions.

Enter ORDEAL and CLARA.

Ord. I am all joy, Lady Flippant! Constance, this is Clara, hereafter I trust you will be inseparable friends.

Clara. I shall endeavour to merit the lady's friendship.

Ord. They may boast of Queen Emma walking over burning ploughshares, but here is a girl has done more, she has lived in a fashionable family without censure. (*Takes Constance by the hand.*)

Lady Flip. But, Mr. Ordeal, what is the cause of your joy?

Ord. It must be disclos'd---Pure Nature has bestowed her hand and heart on the Scotch lad, who turns out to be Captain Douglas, Welford's intimate friend.

Con. Sir, I know the gentleman, and he bears a high character.

Lady Flip. Constance, take this young lady to the drawing-room, send Grace to me, and order your maid over to Welford's, to let him know you will be there presently. I have a serious reason for my request, and will not be denied.

Con. I obey. [*Exeunt Constance and Clara.*
Lady

Lady Flip. The poor girl's situation is truly pitiable---it was our subject when you came in---the tears are not yet out of my eyes.

Ord. Never blush for weeping ; tears are the certain symptoms of a noble soul.

Lady Flip. Do you know that I have serious thoughts of throwing aside all fashionable levities ?

Ord. I know it is almost time ; I believe your inclinations are virtuous, and your irregularities I do not impute to nature ;---no, my lady, nature has endowed you with amiable qualities, among which, I think generosity is prevalent---like most of your sex, you have taken up levity through whim, and maintain it through habit, though perhaps your soul struggles to be delivered from the trammels ;---break them, then, and you will do more than Cæsar ;---he conquered countries,---but the greatest glory human nature can acquire is to conquer ourselves ;---I have good news for Constance,---her father is living.

Lady Flip. Heav'ns !---are you serious ?

Ord. I have had letters from London, and he returns by the next ships from India ;---nay more,---he has remitted thirty thousand pounds to her sole use, with directions to prepare a house for his reception.

Lady Flip. O, I am overjoy'd---why has she never heard from him before ?

Ord. He was sent upon an embassy to the interior parts of the country, and his letters were intercepted and destroyed.---But seriously, has your ladyship known nothing of this before ?

Lady Flip. Never.

Ord.

Ord. There is roguery on foot,---an express was sent to your seat at York, which not meeting the lady there was forwarded to this city, and delivered at this house.

Lady Flip. I see into it, this accounts for the warm impetuous passion of Cheaterly; the girl and her fortune were no doubt to be sacrificed, between him and my worthy spouse. Then you must assist me in persuading Constance to go to Welford; it will produce an incident which will punish the young gentleman's passion for intrigue, and give Constance an authority over him; (*going, returns*) but do you believe my repentance sincere?

Ord. I hope so!--but I believe nothing without proof---that is my way---where there is levity the world will suspect, and when the world has once cause to suspect a woman, her character becomes as much the sport of its malice, as if there was a certainty of her having abandoned it.

Lady Flip. I am penitent! but do you really forgive my lecture to Pure Nature?

Ord. Yes, and am convince'd you are no false prophet; for, as you foretold, Clara preferred the summer dimples of youth to the winter wrinkles of age,---I speak my mind, that is my way.

[*Exeunt Ordeal and Lady Flippant.*]

SCENE II. *Mrs. Maslin's.*

The WIDOW, Mrs. MUSLIN, and WELFORD, discovered at Tea.

Wel. Your opinion, madam, is just! vivacity is an attribute to woman,---gravity natural
to

to man :---and probably the sexes were thus contrasted, that the saturnine disposition of the male might be relieved by the sprightliness of the female,---your smiles alleviate our pains, your approbation rewards our dangers.

Wid. And our conversation illustrates my opinion---you are grave,---I, perhaps, too volatile.

Mus. The poor gentleman seems as if something preyed upon his mind;---let me recommend matrimony,---it is the only cure for melancholy.

Wel. And often a specific for all complaints.

Mus. Well,---business must be minded (*going.*)

Wel. (*Rises.*) Must see you to the door.

Mus. (*Aside.*) A great fortune,---may I trust her with you?

Wel. May I trust myself with *her*? (*aside.*)

[*Exit Mrs. Muslin.*]

A good, merry, convenient, civil old woman:---she recommends matrimony---(*sits.*) Pray, madam, what kind of lover would you prefer?

Wid. I must tell you the lover I would not prefer. I would not prefer a coxcomb,---a fluttering summer insect,---a talkative creature, full of insipid gesture, laughter, and noise, who pays more attention to his hair than to his intellects,---who possesses neither sentiment for friendship, nor sensibility for love---but is curst with a soul devoid of manliness, and bent on the gratification of its own puny affections.

Wel. An excellent picture, yet the species of animal you describe are favorites.---The ladies are grown so enamoured of delicate limbs, and effeminate faces, one would imagine they wished to have their lovers women in every thing.

Enter

Enter Mrs. MUSLIN.

Mus. Dear Sir, there is a woman below enquiring for you---she insists upon coming up, and has such a tongue!

Wid. I would not be seen for the world.

Mus. She would surely blast the reputation of my house.---Sir, you must go down to her.---O my poor character! [*Exit Mrs. Muslin.*

Wel. Any thing to save the reputation of your house. (*Going.*)

Enter Mrs. MUSLIN.

Mus. Madam, madam, the slut is upon the stairs.---Step into this closet till the impudent creature is gone.---(*Puts the widow in the closet*) You do not know, Sir, you have been sitting with Mrs. Volatile, sister to Sir Buzzard Savage.

Honor. (*Within*) Mr. Welford.

Wel. I know that voice.

Mus. It is the clack of Mrs. Honor, waiting-maid to Miss Constance.

Welf. Then keep her out for Heaven's sake.

Hon. (*Within*) I will have admittance.

Mus. Coming, Mrs. Honor.---O the audacious wretch---I see, Sir, you are a man of gallantry, but, pray, dispatch the creature as fast as possible. [*Exit. Mus.*

Hon. (*Within*) Madam I insist upon going in first.

Grace. (*Within*) No me'm---you will pardon me.

Enter GRACE and HONOR pushing in together.

Wel. What, two!---ladies, your most obedient.---(*bows---they curtsy*)

Hon.

Hon. You have no business here, me'm,——

Grace. My business, me'm, is no business of your's——or if it was your business, me'm, yet it is not the business of the likes of you to look down upon the likes of me, me'm.

Hon. The likes of you I look down upon with scorn.——It is not for the likes of you, to look up to the likes of me, me'm.——I serves a lady of vartue.

Grace. Vartue! Your insinuation is low, me'm, high as you carry your head.

Wel. Grace, stand on my right hand—Honor, take your place on my left—How happy would it be for England, were all her great men in my situation---Grace supporting one side, Honor supporting the other.---Now, ladies, to the cause of your visit.

Grace. My lady understanding that
her sister was here——

Hon. My Lady sent me to let you } together.
know——

Wel. One at a time.

Grace. Sir, you must know—— } together.

Hon. My lady sent——

Wel. Here is a guinea for her who speaks second——What, dumb!——but money seals as well as unseals the mouths of great speakers.

Hon. Me'm, I shall certainly speak first—Sir, you must know——

Grace. Speak first, me'm! I serve a lady of quality.

Wel. Order in the house——let me settle this point of precedence---I believe it is regular that Grace should take the lead of Honor, so Mrs. Grace begin.

Hon. Thank you for preferring she.

(*Walks about.*)

Wel. Now Grace, what is your business with me?

Grace. La, Sir, I have no business with you--- I want to speak with Mrs. Volatile.

Wel. Child, she is not here.

Grace. Not here---but I believe she is there

(*points to closet.*)

Wel. By this guinea she is not. (*gives money.*)

Grace. By this guinea I will swear it---mum--- but my lady wants to see her directly---Mrs. Honor, your very obedient---an audacious hufsey!--- (*aside.*)

[*Exit GRACE.*]

Hon. Me'm, your most humble---- (*aside.*)

Lord, Sir, I found it as difficult to get at you, as if you had been a great Turk.

Wel. Mrs. Muslin did not know you perhaps.

Hon. Not know me! she knew me to be virtuous, though as the saying is, "tell me your company and I will tell you what you are"----- and I, and my mistress live in a family where there is not much virtue practised---but I am silent---servants should neither have eyes, nor ears, nor tongues, therefore I am always blind, deaf and dumb, let me hear or see what I may.

Wel. Lower your voice, you may be overheard.

Hon. Then there is Sir Buzzard's sister, the widow, though her husband is not dead six months, is frisky and brisk----gadding about, and running mad for another---

Wel. Speak low, a gentleman lies ill in the next room.

Hon. As to Sir Buzzard, they have put their fingers

fingers into his eyes so often, he is blind as a beetle. I must make you laugh about the widow---

Wel. I cannot permit you to stay any longer from your Lady. Here's for your good report
(gives money.)

Hon. Dear Sir, you distress me---

Wel. Farewell---(pushing her out.)

[Exit HONOR.]

Heav'n be prais'd ! I have got rid of you !---
Now to relieve my widow, who I suppose is mortified into humility, or bursting with rage.

Enter Widow from the closet.

Madam, I feel for your situation, and did every thing in my power to stop the impetuous flow of the woman's tongue---but be not affected at what she said---"Censure and calumny are taxes paid by the most elevated characters, nor is it possible to make defence against the impost, but by obscurity."

Wid. It is beneath me, Sir, to defend my character against the aspersions of so mean a wretch---I feel however for the impressions her falsehoods may have made on you.

Enter MUSLIN.

Mus. You seem frightened, madam, quite fluster'd I protest---sure the gentleman attempted no rudeness---

Wid. That woman has slandered me grossly !

Wel. Soothe your passion, madam, nothing so prejudicial to beauty as intemperate warmth --- consider the vulgar set up a prescription, for exercising latitude of tongue, that shews no respect to persons.

Wid. Your hand, Mrs. Muslin---some drops ---some water---I faint---I am overcome---I die! oh! (*faints in Welford's arms.*)

Mus. Support her, dear Sir, 'till I return--- let me run for restoratives--- (*going, returns*) open her hands, chafe her temples,---a-lack a day---This is a master stroke of the widow's! (*aside.*) [*Exit Mus.*]

Wel. This is worse than the state of Tantalus---human nature cannot hold out---she is really handsome. I will venture to kiss her however---

Re-enter MUSLIN.

Mus. Madam, Sir,---there is Miss Constance and Colonel Staff with her---

Wid. What will become of me? (*Springing from the couch.*)

Wel. What will become of me?

Enter Colonel STAFF.

Col. In his private chamber, and just sprung from his arms!---Oh, hell and furies! but I will be cool,---we, Sir, will meet hereafter; this intrusion, madam, is, I see, as unseasonable as unexpected; I am sorry to have interrupted you.

Wid.

Wid. I am unconcerned at your suspicions, Colonel,—you will not be censorious, Miss Constance---my business here was to prevent that imprudent step which you are about to take.

Con. You have succeeded, madam (*going*).

Wel. Will you hear me?

Con. I am sorry, Sir, for the confusion I have caused---having gained my esteem without difficulty---you have resign'd it with the same ease—

Col. (*To the Widow*) This undeniable proof of your duplicity has reinstated my senses, and I will run the gauntlet no longer---you see I am calm---quite calm,---but I will have revenge;---you, Sir?—

Wel. Well, Sir!---it is my duty to clear this lady from suspicion, to which her situation lays her open, and in which I am innocently involved.

Wid. You may have an interest in justifying yourself, Sir, but I request not to be included in your defence; I am going.

Col. I give up the pursuit—Madam, if my acts and deeds—

Wid. Your acts and deeds! Yes, I have heard of your acts and deeds from yourself, Colonel—but, be assured, a man without spirit shall never controul the acts and deeds of my fortune,

[*Exit. Widow.*]

Col. A true Parthian,---she shot as she flew.

[*Exit. Colonel.*]

Wel. Constance, will you attend to me?

Con. No, Sir,---you need not take the trouble
of

of speaking to me now, or of enquiring for me hereafter. [Exit. Constance.

Wel. Was ever man so unfortunate!--to have all my wishes blasted in the moment of ripening!--to lose the object of my love in the instant of recovering her--who waits there? to have an intrigue with a wife, a widow, and a maid, in the course of one day, and be disappointed in all--will nobody answer? (*calling loud.*)

Enter MUSLIN.

Mus. What is the matter, Sir?

Wel. Where is the lady?

Mus. She went out with the Colonel.

Wel. I speak of the young lady.

Mus. She left the house in a chair,---but I cannot tell where she went.

Wel. I will this instant to Sir Buzzard's!---I will follow her over the world;-- what an unfortunate fellow!--- [Exit. Welford.

SCENE changes to the Parade. Enter CHEATERLY, followed by a servant.

Cheat. What answer has Doctor Spruce sent?

Serv. He said, Sir, he would not write,--but remember your ungenerous treatment, and have revenge!---pardon me, Sir, but these were his words.

Cheat. Would have revenge?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and I saw a letter on his table directed to Sir Buzzard Savage;---there was an attorney

attorney with him, and I heard him say the penalty is treble the money lost.

Cheat. How much is he arrested for?

Serv. Upwards of seventy pounds.

Cheat. Here is a note for a hundred -- (*gives a note*) fly and get him discharged.

[*Exit* Servant.]

A letter to Sir Buzzard!---an attorney with him!---treble the penalty!---this Spruce I fear will turn traitor.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Captain Douglas, your most obedient,---how long have you been in Bath? I have not seen you for an age.

Doug. I believe, Sir, not since the York meeting, when my friend De Courcy lost his money.

Cheat. He is too ardent to attempt play,---always off his guard.

Doug. And had the misfortune to play with those who kept a constant centinel upon his weakness;---he confided in you, and was deceived;---care, and a plain understanding, may preserve a man's property from the plunder of a common robber,---but honesty has no protection from the frauds of superior cunning.

Cheat. I won nothing from him;---I lost---the truth is, the knowing ones took us in.---

Doug. But you shared the winnings.---

Cheat. Will you dare---

Doug. I will dare any thing that is honest.

Cheat.

Cheat. Your friend, Sir, has dared to traduce my character, by the imputation you insinuate. But he and you should know me better, than to suppose any man could affront me with impunity. (*lays his hand on his sword.*)

Doug. I know you have a mind capable of vindicating your conduct, even at the risque of your own life, and the life of him you have injured---men like you, habituated in deceit, become callous to humanity;---destitute of principle,---they are not deterred by the compunctions of conscience,---but will insure the profits of their cunning, even at the price of blood.

Cheat. My family, Sir---

Doug. Is honourable!---speak not of your family---their virtues render your vices the more conspicuous.

Enter Sir BUZZARD.

Sir Buz. Oh you traitor!---the reverend Mr. Spruce has made a full confession.---So I have been your pigeon, but the law shall do me justice.

Cheat. This is your scheme, pusillanimous, mean wretch--- (*to Sir Buzzard*) for you, Sir, (*to Douglas*) we shall meet again.

[*Exit Cheaterly.*]

Sir Buz. Yes,---at the next affizes;---the fellow's mind is sowed with hempseed, and will yet produce a halter,---or if he escapes hanging, I shall see him perishing in a gaol, under as many wants as are in the Daily Advertiser;---have you been pigeon'd, Sir?

Doug.

Doug. No Sir.

Sir Buz. I have,---he has pluck'd some quill feathers from me,---he has pinion'd me!---oh the rascal!---but I shall recover my mortgages, and bonds, with treble penalties!

Enter WELFORD and Lady FLIPPANT.

Wel. Distraction!---she is lost!---I have been at your house, my Lady,---at Mr. Ordeal's---at every inn in the town,---but can get no tidings of her.

Lady Flip. It is surprising, you, who possess a heart open and liberal, panting with affection for the whole sex, should run distracted for the loss of an individual!

Doug. You overlook me, Welford----

Wel. Douglas!---my friend!---O, Douglas, I have lost my Constance!---I---

Lady Flip. No truant, I have been your advocate and regained her for you---on condition of repentance---.

*Enter CONSTANCE and CLARA followed by OR-
DEAL.*

Wel. My life!--- (*they embrace.*)

Sir Buz. Repentance!---let him marry, and he will live and die in a state of repentance.

Con. What!---marry me, an orphan without a shilling?

Wel. Talk not of wealth,---were the riches of the world in your possession, by Heaven they would not add a grain to the estimation of your worth.

Ord. Generous and noble!

H

Con-

Con. (to Ord.) How, Sir, can I repay your generosity ?

Ord. The satisfaction which results from aiding virtue in distress, is the only interest a generous mind can wish to receive for its services ;---because it is the only interest such a mind can enjoy.

Lady Flip. Return to my house ;---there you shall be acquainted with a matter which nearly concerns your happiness.

Sir Buz. Which I never expect to taste !

Ord. Your happiness is in your own power, commence the practice of virtue, and you will be enamoured of its sweets,--try the experiment, and never fear success.

Lady Flip. What say you to that, Sir Buzard ?

Sir Buz. I say a man can never be too old to mend---I say I have been positive all my life, and I say if you follow the advice of your ancient and sapient friend, my endeavours to procure domestic happiness shall not be wanting---Ordeal, the laugh will be against us both.

Ord. Laugh at me as long as you please, but had I married Clara, the laugh would have been still stronger against me ;----the Scot has done right, and the girl has done right, ---the mutual inclination of two virtuous souls, cannot but render them more virtuous ;----the inhabitants of countries united by nature and policy should take every opportunity of strengthening the connexion ;---I see you all think as I do!---and here I hope we shall also meet approbation.

(*Bowing to the audience.*)

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E
TO FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

(As spoken by Miss YOUNGE.)

OUR growing Levities too clearly show,
That all our troubles from refinement flow.
Two ages since we valu'd plain attire,
Blue-apron'd was the Dame, straight-hair'd the Squire;
They call'd not household bus'ness vulgar cares,
Nor deem'd it ungenteel to say their pray'rs:
But arts improv'd, new Levities arose,
And Ladies chang'd the fashion of their clothes;
Hoop'd petticoats in ev'ry town were seen:
The snug rotunda pleas'd the virgin Queen,
And beef for breakfast serv'd her Lady-train;
No wonder that her sailors baffled Spain.
Yet still we've chiefs with love of glory fir'd;
But so had Rome when liberty expired;
"We've statesmen too, who burn with patriots flame,
"But so had Greece, when Greece had lost her fame."
"We've admirals who plow the briny deep,
"Through azure skies and rolling clouds they sweep,
"Invade the Planets in an Air Balloon,
"And fright from her propriety the Moon"—
Befs was a man, when danger call'd her pow'rs,
She was a woman in her private hours—
Few Levities, few luxuries she knew;
No cherries then in February grew:
May-dukes in April on the bough hung green,
And girls wore hanging-sleeves till full eighteen.
Few mothers teach their daughters grace or sense;
But tell them taste in dress is excellence:
Bid them the Levities of rank assume,
And flaunt with spreading bow, or nodding plume;

Strut

E P I L O G U E,

Strut in a riding-dress, to shew their shapes ;
 Or stalk in boots, and coats with tripple capes,
 Affecting ease, but impudently free,
 The matron leans upon her cicisbee ;
 While *cara sposa* snugly keeps his wench,
 Defies his duns, and revels in the Bench.
 " Why, this is vice, not folly ?" I agree ;
 But still this vice proceeds from Levity.
 Some souls there are which moral sense sublimes,
 A few blest spirits in the worst of times ;
 One in whom birth and piety are join'd ;
 Of native worth, and truly royal mind ;
 Who with benignant hand her blessings pours ;
 Who knows no Levities, but feels for yours.

* * Those lines which are not marked with inverted commas,
 were taken from an epilogue written by Mr. Norris, for the au-
 thor of the comedy.

